

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A portrait of a man with light brown hair and a serious expression, wearing a white shirt and a dark blue bow tie with a pattern of small female symbols. He is positioned on the left. To his right is a large, vibrant pink rose with many layers of petals, surrounded by green leaves. Above the rose, a bee flies towards a branch with several green buds and red flower petals. The background is white with some green foliage on the far left. The artist's signature 'ARTZYBAUGH' is visible vertically on the far left edge.

ARTYASHOFF

ALFRED KINSEY Reflections in the mirror of Venus.

• 100 •

THE JOURNAL OF

Exciting new 1953 Studebaker receives Fashion Academy Award!



Gold medal for outstanding design and distinctive styling presented to the new American car with the European look

THE directors of Fashion Academy, the noted New York school of fashion design, have awarded Studebaker their 1953 gold medal for style and design.

Leading authorities on car styling enthusiastically join with motorists everywhere in acclaiming the 1953 Studebaker's distinction.

"No question about it," reports Motor World, "Studebaker has, with its new model, made every other American car look ten years older."

Own this Fashion Academy Award beauty yourself—an excitingly different new Studebaker sedan, coupe or hard-top—a Champion in the lowest price field—or a brilliantly powered Commander V-8.

Arrange to drive this dramatically distinctive new American car with the low-swung European look—the car that officially proved itself a gasoline mileage star in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. Stop in at a nearby Studebaker showroom right away.

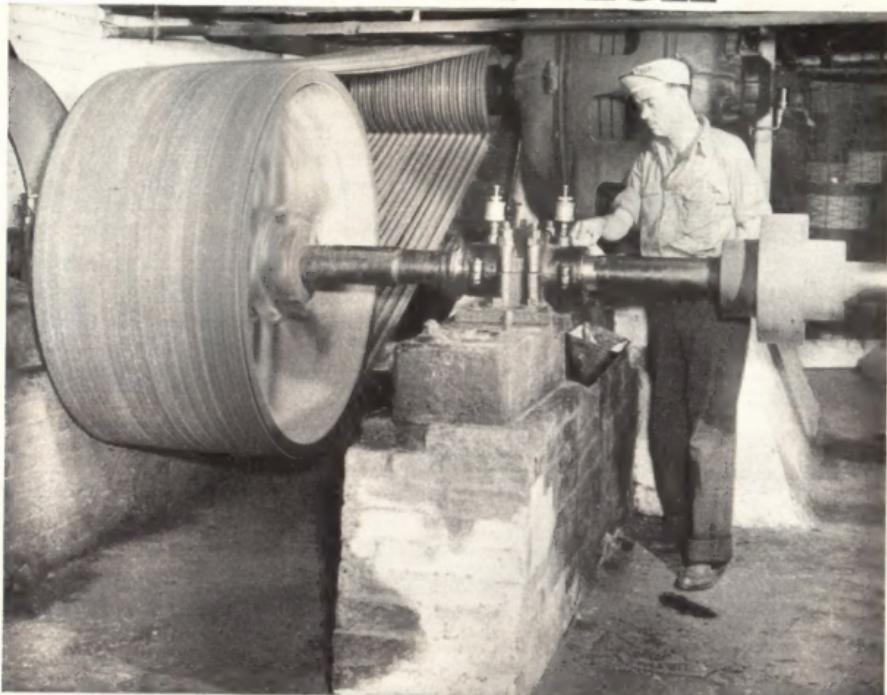


Commander V-8 Royal Starlight coupe for five. Chrome wheel discs, white sidewall tires and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost. Studebaker, South Bend 27, Indiana. U. S. A.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



One improvement saved \$7700— what can better rubber do for you?

ONE easy change saved this plant \$7700. V belts were lasting only 7 months. Management changed to grommet belts—an entirely new kind of V belt developed by B. F. Goodrich—they lasted 7 years. Saving was \$7700 in replacement costs alone.

Other B. F. Goodrich improvements are making savings in hundreds of places that are just as impressive. For instance, BFG has developed a radically new conveyor belt, called Grip-top, that can carry packages, crates, all sorts of things, at steep angles never possible before, and so make substantial savings in space, equipment costs and time.

Still another example is B. F. Good-

rich Armorite, a special rubber so tough it handles rocks, gravel, other things that wear right through steel. Used as chute lining in a Pennsylvania coal mine, Armorite is still in service after 5 years while the steel plates previously used had to be replaced 2 and 3 times a year.

Outlasting other rubber, other materials by many times, is nothing unusual for products improved by B. F. Goodrich research. The cord conveyor belt which can last 10 times longer is typical of this. And the Burstproof steam hose that protects workers from scalding and injury makes a saving in safety as well as money. To find out more about these money-saving improvements and what they can do for

you, send the coupon now for free facts on those rubber products you use.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Dept. M-93, Akron 18, Ohio

I want to know more about the products I've checked below:

Grommet V belts Grip-top belt
 Armorite lining Cord conveyor belt
 Burstproof steam hose
 Other rubber products (name types) _____

Send information by mail.
 Have a BFG distributor see me.

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

LETTERS

Death of a Patriot

Sir:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Robert Tait may have lost all his greatest battles, but in the losing he proved himself a man for the ages . . .

He was more than a great politician. He was a very great statesman and patriot. Your picture of him [in the Aug. 10 issue] on crutches is the saddest picture I have ever seen . . .

JESSIE SPROAT CHAPMAN

Bethel, Me.

Over the Wonderful Wahless

Sir:

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's attack on so-called monopoly broadcasting [in the Aug. 3 issue] includes an attack on my work for the BBC which could be extremely misleading to your readers, since it is based on a grossly willful avoidance of the facts . . . "On the air," he moans, "there are not other voices . . . I want others to be heard."

"The fact is that the BBC employs three full-time American correspondents, one at the U.N. [and] two from Washington . . . The BBC also airs a weekly 15-minute political commentary (called *American Commentary*) . . . also a regular feature called *Recorded in New York*, which gives absolutely free rein to a wide variety of distinguished Americans. Altogether, this service provides a far more varied, responsible and serious coverage of the U.S. than our combined networks do about Britain for America. I come in once a week with a 15-minute nonpolitical talk . . . I confidently trust . . . the Americans who hear them rebroadcast over ABC to judge far better than Mr. M. whether they make up an "essentially misleading" picture of American life."

To this self-denying John the Baptist, standing in the middle of Times Square and begging to be rescued from his wilderness, the only sensible answer seems to be: "Turn on your wahless, you damn fool."

ALISTAIR COOKE

San Francisco

Portrait of the Artist

Sir:

I was rather disagreeably surprised that there was no reproduction of a Kokoschka

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class postage at January 21, 1928, by the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-arranged editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Services: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr., Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

TIME SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE
540 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as imprinted on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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In Rhode Island, smallest state, and famous for its surf fishing, and . . .

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it's Quaker State
for quality!*

WE BELIEVE, and thousands of motorists agree, that there is no finer motor oil made in the world today than Quaker State. So exceptional are its qualities of stability, endurance, and heat-resistance, that you'll go farther before you need to add a quart. Fill your crankcase today for complete protection!

Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.



execution. As the command rang out and the muskets were leveled, she unfolded and tossed back her cloak—her sole and only garment. Unshaken, the French marksmen never wavered—which may be attributed either to their splendid discipline or many evenings at the *Folies* . . .

MALCOLM R. WILKEY

Houston, Texas

¶ Contrary to the lively legend, Mata Hari died wearing a neat, tailored suit especially made for the occasion, plus a pair of new white gloves.—ED.

In Name Only

Sir:

In reading your Aug. 3 review of *The Selected Letters of Lord Byron*, I was rather surprised to see myself mentioned. The lack of a capital letter was somewhat disappointing, but nevertheless, I was there.

I must admit that I am a Sexsmith in name only. As of today absolutely no women have ever stabbed themselves with scissors because of me, or burned me in effigy. However, I suppose that wherever there is a sexsmith there is hope.

DAVID R. SEXSMITH

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Cloak & Dagger Business

Sir:

. . . TIME's article on Allen Dulles, the OSS and its successor agency, CIA . . . is a superb report, and does credit to the calm genius of Allen Dulles for this work . . . What supremely fits Dulles for this work is that he is a civilian, and he thinks like a civilian . . .

DONALD DOWNES

Paris, France

Sir:

Thirty buildings full of spy personnel in Washington alone! Has anyone ever tried to compute the number of people who would be out of work if the world suddenly became trustworthy . . .

LORNA NORMAN

Montreal, Quebec

The Honest Loaf

Sir:

The decline in Americans' use of flour [TIME, July 27] stems principally from our having gradually lost contact with the art of bread baking. Commercial bread has become the outstanding food fake of the era . . . If pinched U.S. flour millers would revive their flagging enterprise, let them teach the American housewife once again how to bake the honest loaf.

Once upon a time, a slice of bread was considered food; with a little butter, goose-grease or jam it might make a man's supper . . . Grandpa thrived thereon, but he would starve to death on today's commercial loaf, that fine-spun matrix of fibre glass interlaced with 50% water and 40% air.

What's truly wrong with America's bread today can't be reduced to a relevant catchword, so an irrelevant one pops up—"calories." What people are trying to say . . . is not that today's bread makes them fat, but that it leaves them hungry.

PAUL KIEPE

Riggins, Idaho

Sir:

. . . I was disturbed to see the statement in the Aug. 10 issue: "The worried American Bakers Association is spending a good part of its \$1,000,000 advertising budget to plug bread as a reducing food" . . . We consider bread, as it has been considered for centuries, the staff of life. We consider that bread forms a vital and necessary part of a well-balanced diet. We realize that obesity

Florsheim Shoes

for the NEWEST in fine shoes
and the FINEST in new shoes



The DRAKE, S-1331,
brown heather calf,
hand threaded
Norwegian fronts, \$21.95

Everyone's talking about the NEW in SHOES...but to most better-dressed men, this means simply Florsheim Shoes—top choice for 61 years—for style, quality, comfort, and value. See the season's NEW Florsheim styles; you'll agree they're the newest in fine shoes, and the finest in new shoes!

Other Florsheim Styles \$17.95 and higher

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women



Give heavy traffic the go by— Go PULLMAN

You pass up highway headaches on a Pullman. You're comfortable—relaxed—and you're saving time. And if you want, you can rent a car when you get there. Ask the man who sells Pullman tickets about it.



is a serious problem. Our point is that those people who need or desire to lose weight should consult proper medical authorities . . .

GEORGE L. MORRISON

New York City

Calcutta's Pride

Sir:

Re the July 27 story, "A Mad Race": I am a humble citizen of this great city "which lies beneath its flies, swollen and unhealthy." Your country is supposed to be God's own country, free from flies, sacred cows and D.P.s from Pakistan, yet I love Calcutta with its dank tenements and narrow alleys. I am proud of Calcutta, as a New Yorker is proud of New York City. As yours is God's own country, you are supposed to be free from any mental disequilibrium. To keep the mind of His favorite children on an even keel . . . you are provided with the largest number of psychiatrists. Unfortunately, we have only one psychiatrist who can surpass all of yours . . .

Your . . . version of the rioting incidents in Calcutta will, no doubt, help the Indian Communists . . . May I suggest you . . . print . . . unbiased news . . . or you may be branded as a yellow-bellied imperialist agent.

MIHIR KUMAR

Calcutta, India

Catholics & Tolerance

Sir:

Thank you for printing the statement [Aug. 3] of Cardinal Ottaviani on the subject of Roman Catholic intolerance. It is in agreement with the history, doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. It is good for all . . . who love religious liberty to understand that this harsh principle of Roman Catholicism has not been changed, and is put into oppressive execution where their majority is great enough.

(The Rev.) C. A. GAERTNER

Dallas

Sir:

As a convert to Catholicism, I am constantly being faced with this question of tolerance. I hope His Holiness the Pope will see fit to issue a statement . . . clarifying and denying such allegations so that our Protestant friends and enemies may be satisfied and so that Roman Catholics themselves may have something definite to quote in their attempts to combat . . . the harm done by such words.

HELEN A. McCARTHY

Groton, Mass.

Sir:

I have shed my last tear (crocodile excepted) for those Catholic martyrs who have suffered and died at the hands of the Chinese Communists. With only few minor changes, Cardinal Ottaviani's smug explanation for Protestant suppression in Italy and Spain might well have been used for the Chinese Communist persecution of Catholic priests . . .

EUGENE FRIEDMAN

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

As an American and as an attorney, my congratulations to Cardinal Ottaviani on setting the record straight with respect to Roman Catholic policy throughout the world . . . It seems to me that all Americans of every faith are entitled to such a clear-cut statement of worldwide policy, but so far as I can ascertain, we do not get it from our American cardinals.

JOHN G. GRANT

New York City

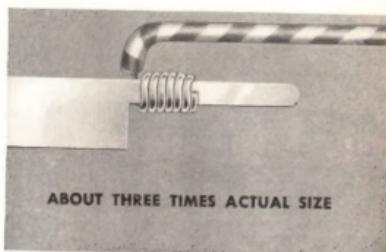
TIME, AUGUST 24, 1953

Sally doesn't solder any more...

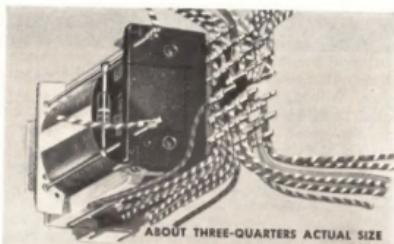
and that benefits Bell telephone users



With one quick zip, this "gun"—developed jointly by Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric—wraps wires on telephone equipment so tightly that solder isn't needed.



Now, for example, 36 terminals can be connected quickly and easily even in the small space provided in the relay above. That leads to savings in our job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System.



At Western Electric, where we make a billion wired connections a year, this new method speeds production and cuts costs. Such savings help to hold down the cost of telephone equipment—and in turn help hold down the price of Bell telephone service.

It's new ideas like this . . .



... constantly being applied at Western Electric, that help your Bell telephone company in its battle with rising costs. And that's one reason why your Bell telephone service has gone up in price *so much less* than most other things you buy.



Such small units are multiplied thousands of times in dial switching systems made by Western Electric...and the new solderless connections are being used to make other Bell telephone equipment also.

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

TIME, AUGUST 24, 1953

August 24, 1953

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Farmers' Decision

From the narrow stubbles of Vermont to the vast fields of Kansas, U.S. wheat farmers last week filed into courthouses, one-room schools, community meeting halls and country stores to make a decision. The question they faced was one of both principle and pocketbook. Should they accept stern federal control of wheat production in return for high price supports, or should they take their chances in a free market?

Only about half of the eligible farmers voted, but their decision was clear-cut: for Government marketing quotas, 361,000; against, 53,000. To throw the quota machinery into gear, the favorable vote had to be at least two-thirds of the vote cast. It was 87.2%, the biggest margin U.S. farmers have ever given a Government grain-quota proposal.

Why Vote for Less? Everywhere, the farmers' reasons for voting yes were basically the same: a yes vote meant a support price of \$2.20 a bushel with quotas; a no vote meant \$1.20 without them. In Washington, Ind., where Daviess County farmers marked ballots in the stone courthouse, wind-burned Norman Lawyer (who has 136 acres of wheat) asked a basic question: "Why should any farmer vote to cut the wheat price support in half?" Said Tom Graham, who plants 600 acres of wheat on his 3,000-acre farm north of Washington: "If wheat price supports fell to 50% it would hurt not only the farmer but every businessman in this county." Added Edna Dougherty, whose husband has 30 acres of wheat on his 120-acre farm: "After all, unions protect the labor-



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post Dispatch
"HOW YOU VOTING, BILL?"

ing man, and these controls are what protect the farmers."

Up the Ladder. Mrs. Dougherty's analogy, diffuse as it was, indicated how many a farmer explained away the paradox of disliking Government interference while voting for more. From 1920 on, U.S. farmers fought relentlessly for a standard of living on a par with that of city dwellers. The first real attempt to help them on a national scale, the McNary-Haugen bill, got through Congress, but was vetoed by Calvin Coolidge in 1927 and again in 1928. The Agricultural Adjustment Acts of the '30s finally began to raise the farmer's position on the U.S. economic ladder. During World War II, the farmer raced higher: export markets were virtually un-

limited, prices were pegged at 90% of parity to stimulate production, and acreage was unrestricted. Finally he had money for electric lights, refrigerators, home freezers, television sets, college tuition and, in many cases, Cadillacs. When farm prices began to slip early last year, the farmer began to fear that his newly found standard of living was slipping away too.

An understanding of the farmer's attitude was reflected in what Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, a bitter foe of regimentation, had to say about the wheat vote: "Farmers have made a wise decision—a decision in their own best interests."

Echoes to Come. Inevitably, the wheat quota vote will send political echoes bouncing all through 1954. Some Republicans believe that the vote was politically good for them. Their theory: wheat farmers, with their crop still firmly supported, will have little cause to be angry at the party in power. The loudest and probably the most important echoes will be heard when Congress comes to grips with farm policy next year. The vote undoubtedly will be used as an argument for continuing the rigid 90%-of-parity supports, instead of adopting a sliding scale which would lower the support level when surpluses pile up.

As Congress faces the farm problem next year, all but one of the six basic farm crops will be under some form of federal control (see BUSINESS). The U.S. will be looking to the Administration and to Congress for a plan that will curtail surpluses in the granary and deficits in the treasury. Finding such a plan will be no easy task, and the farmers' decision last week made it no easier.



WHEAT GROWERS BALLOTTING IN KANSAS (LEFT) & NORTH DAKOTA
They thought about electric lights, home freezers and college tuition.



John McCormally; Francis Miller—Life

THE PRESIDENCY

Mrs. Doud's Son-in-Law

Mrs. Elivera Doud's home at 750 Lafayette Street, Denver, is the kind of solidly comfortable, nondescript dwelling in which millions of middle-aged Americans spent their childhood. Built of the grey-brown brick favored by Denver architects 40 years ago, it sits right up against its neighbors and is separated from the street only by a short, steep terrace and a patch of fine green lawn. Its wide porch is equipped with a glider and wicker chairs; red geraniums grow in low flower boxes on the railings. Last week, in this unremarkable survival of the parlor era, 75-year-old Mrs. Doud was putting up her daughter and son-in-law, who had come all the way

with a cheery "Denver White House." Here in a small, sparsely furnished room, whose only official trapping was the presidential flag, Ike pushed his way determinedly through the 110 bills he had brought with him from Washington, studying each bill carefully before he signed it. Ike usually managed to get through his work in a couple of hours. Most afternoons he showed up at the Cherry Hills Club for a round of golf on its tough, 72-par course. As he played, he was trailed by four Secret Service men, all carrying golf bags from which protruded three or four ancient and ill-assorted clubs. Two of the bags contained an additional item of equipment which many a golfer has wished for in moments of stress—a carbine. The other two masked walkie-talkies

family friend, he drove out into the Rockies to South Platte River. On his third cast, Ike hooked a ten-inch rainbow trout, and by noontime he and Nielsen had pulled in a dozen. At that point Ike took complete command of the party. Driving to a nearby ranch house, he "borrowed" from the flustered housewife a slab of bacon, a pound of butter, a large paper bag, cornmeal, salt & pepper. Thus equipped, he moved on to a campsite where he built a fire and set the bacon frying in a skillet. While it fried, he put cornmeal, salt & pepper in the bag, and shook the cleaned fish in it. "Never put batter on a fish," said he. When a goodly amount of fat had melted from the bacon, he added an equal amount of butter to the pan and laid out his trout. Within minutes, he was dishing out a mouthwatering meal to Nielsen and the ubiquitous Secret Service agents.

After lunch, Ike and Nielsen went back to the stream, where they alternated between fishing and shouting boasts at one another. Early in the afternoon, they were spotted by a passing busload of children, who shouted the old campaign chant: "We like Ike. We like Ike." Said Ike, at once pleased and displeased: "This is a hell of a place to hear something like that!"

On Sunday, Ike went to 8:30 a.m. services at the neighborhood Corona Presbyterian Church, walking the 2½ blocks from Mrs. Doud's home. Just before he started, Ike noticed in Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* a story about six-year-old Paul Haley, who is slowly dying of cancer. Paul's greatest wish, said the story, was to see Ike, whom he admires even more than his TV-cowboy heroes. A few minutes after church services ended, a trim figure of a man strode up to the Hales' small clapboard house in West Denver. "Good morning," said the President of the U.S. to wide-eyed Paul Haley. "I hear you want to see me." He chatted for five minutes, then slipped away before reporters and photographers could find him.

Bridge & a Bull Session. Ike's evenings were spent with Mamie and Mrs. Doud. Sometimes there was bridge with old friends, and occasionally Mamie sang, accompanying herself on an old upright piano. More often the family just sat around the living room and chatted until 9:30 or 10, when Ike was ready to go to bed. Once last week Ike stretched his evening out, sat up late for a bull session with Presidential Aide Robert Cutler and Special Counsel Bernard Shanley, who were in town briefly from Washington. About midnight, shortly before Cutler's plane left, the party broke up in a fashion not untypical of the American male. The "boys" barged in on Mamie, who had retired early, and sat around the bed teasing the mildly protesting First Lady.

The happenings at Mrs. Doud's home last week fitted right into the classic American vacation pattern. When Ike Eisenhower gets back to the office he could say, along with many another tanned family man, "We spent our vacation visiting the folks back home."

IKE & PHOTOGRAPHERS AT CHERRY HILLS
Under the arbor, a walkie-talkie.

Carl Iwamoto—Life

from Washington, D.C., to spend their summer vacation with her.

Mrs. Doud's son-in-law was not in a position to forget his job completely, but he rapidly settled into a routine which successfully combined work and relaxation. Up every morning at 6:30, Ike Eisenhower shaved himself with a safety razor and danced noisily under a shower, first hot, then cold. Once dressed, he headed downstairs to the large, old-fashioned dining room, whistling a tune as he went. His current favorite: *Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darlin'*, from the movie *High Noon*.

Armed Companions. After breakfast (half a grapefruit and coffee), Ike rode in a Secret Service-driven car to nearby Lowry Air Force Base, where operators on a special switchboard set up for the 18-man presidential staff were answering calls

for emergency communication. An Army Signal Corpsman, whose golf bag also contained a walkie-talkie set, sat beneath a white arbor near the clubhouse ready to make contact with the Eisenhower party in case of trouble in Washington.

Both Ike's mood and golf improved at Cherry Hills. Before one round, he amiably tried some practice shots for the benefit of the photographers. Several cameramen plunked down in the grass a few feet in front of the President so that he would be shooting directly over their heads, and one called out: "Will I bother you here, sir?" Ike eyed the green, then the photographer, and chuckled: "No, but you might get bothered yourself."

An Old Chant. Once last week Ike passed up golf to go fishing. With Denver Mortgage Banker Aksel Nielsen, an old

THE ADMINISTRATION

Cuts Ahead

From Denver last week, President Eisenhower sternly ordered agency heads in Washington to "take every possible step" to pare expenditures during fiscal 1954. As news dispatches told it, the directive was aimed at avoiding a special session of Congress to lift the \$275 billion debt ceiling which Congress refused to raise three weeks ago. Actually, Eisenhower was looking farther ahead: "You will be expected to make substantial reductions in your requests . . . for the fiscal year 1955."

The debt-limit squeeze between now and January, when first-quarter tax collections will temporarily ease the strain, is a minor headache compared to the big squeeze that lies beyond, in the fiscal year 1955 (which actually begins July 1, 1954). Despite economies of \$13.3 billion in the 1954 budget, the Administration expects to run at least \$4 billion in the red. On top of that, tax cuts loom ahead. On Jan. 1, as the laws now stand, excess profits taxes expire and personal income taxes drop 11%; a clutch of excise taxes will end April 1. Estimated revenue loss: more than \$8 billion a year. If the Administration is going to come anywhere near balancing the budget, it will have to do some drastic economizing.

Eisenhower's strong right arm for the coming big squeeze is Budget Director Joseph Dodge. Last week the *Wall Street Journal* got hold of Dodge's confidential "statement of assumptions" regarding the 1955 budget. Some of Dodge's muscular recommendations:

¶ Don't hide behind laws to justify big budgets: recommend repeal of statutes which stand in the way of economy.

¶ Increase fees for Government services "of special direct benefit to limited groups."

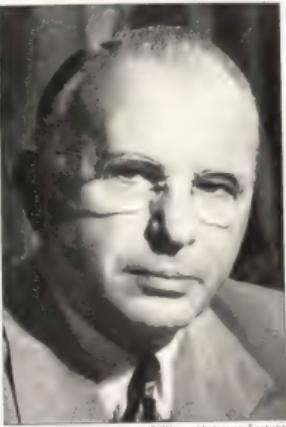
¶ Avoid new construction projects, and slow works in progress to "minimum economic rates."

¶ Don't count on supplemental appropriations to carry a department if it runs out of money.

To make the new budget a reality, wrote Dodge, it is necessary to make "a new determination of what the Federal Government should be doing and should not be doing . . . The 1955 budget will reflect the continued withdrawal of the Federal Government from activities that can be more appropriately carried out in some other way . . . Government employment, operations and construction will continue to decline in 1955 as they will in 1954."

A Creed for Enterprise

When Congress grudgingly extended the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for another year (TIME, Aug. 31), it also set up a Commission on Foreign Economic Policy to report next year on how much protection and how much free trading the U.S. ought to indulge in. Last week, mindful that the commission's recommendations



BUDGET DIRECTOR DODGE
Where should the money go?

could shape U.S. and world trading policies for years to come, President Eisenhower appointed a highly qualified man for the job of chairman. The choice: Clarence B. Randall, 62, chairman of the board of Chicago's Inland Steel Co.

Steelman Randall is a successful businessman with an appetite for public service. In 1951 he wrote a thoughtful and plain-spoken book, *A Creed for Free Enterprise*, which has become a staple of the U.S. businessman's library. In it, he defended the philosophy as well as the operating efficiency of U.S. capitalism. But he also lamented that most businessmen are so preoccupied with production schedules that they leave the intellectual market to



TRADE CHAIRMAN RANDALL
How far is the Ruhr from Chicago?

their collectivist enemies. Said Randall: "With brick and mortar and stainless steel we are the greatest builders the world has ever seen, but our daring and confidence seem to leave us when we walk out of the plant into the realm of ideas."

Spokesman for Industry. Randall's ideas conform to no trite pattern. After service in World War I (he was a staff officer in Harry Truman's division), he abandoned a legal career for Inland Steel, and in 24 years worked his way to the top. In Chicago and beyond, he pulled more than his weight in serving on charity drives, civic bodies and educational boards (he is now an overseer of Harvard University). In 1938, he delivered a Harvard series of lectures on labor strife and civil liberties, in company with veteran Civil Libertarian Roger Baldwin. When Harry Truman seized the U.S. steel industry in 1952, Randall, although his company is only the eighth largest steel producer, was chosen as the industry's spokesman. "This evil deed," he said in a blistering radio-TV speech, "without precedent in American history, discharges a political debt to the C.I.O."

Midwest Republican Randall went to Paris in 1948 as the steel consultant to the Truman Administration's ECA. He came back with a permanent interest in Europe's industry, a newly acquired ability to speak French, and a conviction that the U.S. would have to deal with the world's problems for a long time to come. "Chicago," he said, "is not so far from the Ruhr as people think."

He did not accept his ECA associations uncritically. He has denounced Europe's capitalists as "cartel-ridden," attacked Point Four as "a Mad Hatter's race" ("Our billions will be wasted for lack of an existing entrepreneurial class in the backward countries"). He looks askance at Europe's Schuman Plan for pooling steel resources, considers it an incentive to "socialism."

Anxiety for Action. Harvardman Randall reads a lot and has a good sense of humor (he once suggested that more businessmen might read books if a law were passed prohibiting gin rummy), but he likes to study a serious problem carefully before he sounds off on it. With barely five months in which to make his foreign-trade recommendations, he is painfully anxious to get his trade commission in action.

The job will be no pushover. Among the ten congressional members (total membership: 17) are some of the most powerful anti-free traders in Congress, e.g., Republican Congressmen Dan Reed and Richard Simpson, G.O.P. Senators Bourke Hickenlooper and Eugene Milliken, men who still think the Ruhr is just as far from Chicago as Timbuktu.

Emphasis on Action

In the fine print of almost every contract between the U.S. Government and a private business, these words appear: "The contractor agrees not to discriminate against any employee or applicant for em-

ployment because of race, creed, color or national origin." Last week Dwight Eisenhower by executive order established a 15-man Government Contract Committee designed to give these fine-sounding words practical effect.

Ike's committee superseded a similar committee set up by Harry Truman in 1951. The Truman committee's chief accomplishment was the publication of a report showing that the nondiscrimination clause in Government contracts was almost a dead letter, largely because federal agencies made little attempt to enforce it. What Ike wanted from his committee was action. To emphasize that fact, he appointed Vice President Richard Nixon to head the new body and gave him a blue-ribbon group with which to work. Among the members: J. Ernest Wilkins, Chicago Negro attorney, who is to be vice chairman; C.I.O. President Walter Reuther; A.F.L. President George Meany; Fred Lazarus, president of Federated Department Stores, Inc.; and Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid, board chairman of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

In fiscal 1954, the Federal Government will probably let some \$30 billion worth of contracts to private companies. If the GCC succeeds in getting the nondiscrimination clause enforced in any substantial percentage of these contracts, it will be the greatest single blow ever struck against race bias in U.S. business.

LABOR

The 13th Vice President

When 14 members of the A.F.L.'s Executive Council gathered in Chicago's Palmer House last week, 13 of them were in for a big surprise. Old (79), crotchety Big Bill Hutcheson, ex-president (and still boss) of the 822,500-member Carpenters' Brotherhood, walked out of the federation

in a huff over the A.F.L.-C.I.O. no-raiding agreement.

The walkout touched off a flurry of speculation about the real reasons behind it. Some cynics guessed that Big Bill wanted a free hand to go raiding. A more sinister explanation was that Hutcheson planned to join up with the Mine Workers' John L. Lewis to form the core of a new labor federation (dubbed the "Phantom Federation" in labor speak). Said a member of the executive committee: "I see the fine hand of John L. Lewis in this."

Whatever Hutcheson was up to, his walkout had an important result. It led to the election to the executive council of Dave Beck, tough, ambitious boss of the 1,400,000-strong International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousesmen and Helpers. When 1st Vice President Bill Hutcheson departed, the twelve other v.p.s each moved up a notch, leaving a vacancy at the bottom. As head of the biggest A.F.L. union, Beck was an obvious choice. But the machinists' Al Hayes had been promised the next opening. Upshot: compromise. Beck became the 13th vice president, and Hayes' hopes were kept alive by a council recommendation to increase the number of v.p.s to 15.

Beck's election was a sign of his power rather than of his popularity. Few top A.F.L. officials like him, and even fewer trust him. But, at 59, he is one of the half-dozen most powerful labor bosses in the nation, and he is still on the climb. Beck's enemies insist that his goal is nothing less than a single, giant labor federation, with himself as its boss. Since he succeeded Dan Tobin as Teamster president last year, Beck has kept on the offensive, recruiting and raiding uninhibitedly. Last week he predicted a teamsters' membership of "in excess of 3,000,000" by 1960. Long the No. 1 union boss on the West Coast, he is building a \$1,500,000 headquarters in Washington, an indication that he expects to step onto a broader stage.

Private talks between Beck and John L. Lewis in recent months fueled rumors that Beck might become part of the Phantom Federation. Beck's election to the council last week, and his public protestations of loyalty to the A.F.L., took the wind out of such stories. But nobody believed that the title of 13th vice president would take the wind out of Dave Beck's full-rigged ambition.

Suspension

Joe Ryan's gangster-ridden International Longshoremen's Association has long been notorious for dock scandals: graft, extortion, kickbacks, loan-sharking, gambling, strong-arming, pilferage, gang warfare, wildcat strikes. Mild A.F.L. President William Green never did anything about it, but soon after George Meany succeeded Green last December, the A.F.L. Executive Council began to think of taking some action. Last week, after giving Ryan a chance to speak his piece, Meany announced that the council was not satisfied; it recommended that the



Associated Press

LONGSHOREMEN'S RYAN
Down the hatch.

upcoming A.F.L. convention suspend the I.L.A. from the federation.

Trying to make the best of it, Ryan implied that suspension was merely a legal device to give him more time. "If the council wanted me out," said he, "it would have said so." But Meany made it obvious to reporters that he hoped suspension would bring on an I.L.A. revolt that would both depose Ryan and keep the union within the A.F.L. Asked whether he thought the I.L.A.'s present leaders could do an effective cleanup job, Meany gave an unequivocal answer: "No."

POLITICAL NOTES

Discrimination in Manhattan

New York City's politicians like to make speeches against racial discrimination, but they always discriminate rigidly when they are making up a slate of candidates. In the old days, most mayors had to be Irishmen; today, the political bosses⁶ of all parties feel that a "balanced ticket" must include one Italian and one Jew. By last week, it was clear that another somewhat neglected minority group merited top-drawer political consideration for the Sept. 15 primary: New York's 750,000 Negroes.

The G.O.P. bosses were the first to make their bow to Harlem's increasing voting strength. Last month they nominated independent Democrat Elmer A. Carter, 63, for eight years a member of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, for the borough presidency of Manhattan, the city's most important county. Quickly, Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri's faction of New York's badly split Democrats selected Colonel

6 In a telecast last week, Democratic Boss Kenneth Sutherland of Brooklyn took exception to the term "political boss." His suggested substitute: political managing director."



Ed Pierce

TEAMSTERS' BECK
On the climb.

Chauncey Hooper, 59, an assistant deputy comptroller of the city and a staff officer in the New York National Guard, for the same office. In a supporting speech, the mayor told Harlem voters that he hoped they would vote for their "own stock," i.e., Candidate Hooper, and deplored the fact that some "Italians" might not vote for Impellitteri.

Next, the small but pivotal Liberal Party named the Rev. James H. Robinson, 46, a popular Presbyterian pastor whose round-the-world trip in 1951 as a missionary ambassador at large (TIME, April 28, 1951) had a highly effective, if unofficial, propaganda value for the U.S. This left the Tammany Democrats out on a limb with a non-Negro candidate. Assemblyman Herman Katz of Manhattan. After some hurried conferences, Katz withdrew.

At week's end, Tammany was still trying to find a Negro candidate of its own. Already one result of the election seemed fairly certain: Manhattan is sure of getting a Negro borough president, who will be the first Negro in the city's history to hold a major executive office.

Wound Closed, Race Opened

At the appointed hour of 9:30 a.m. one day last week, New Hampshire's young (35) Governor Hugh Gregg stepped before assembled news, radio and television men in the council chamber of the statehouse at Concord. Beside him was an elder of New Hampshire Republicanism, aging (69) Robert William Upton, one of the state's top trial lawyers. They were there to reveal what had been a closely kept secret: Gregg was appointing Concord's Upton to the U.S. Senate vacancy caused by the death of wrathful old Charles William Tobey (TIME, Aug. 10).

At first glance, the appointment seemed surprising. Upton, vice chairman of the

Republican state committee for 16 years, had announced as a candidate for governor last year and then had suddenly withdrawn because he was recovering from an operation and had waited too long to get into the race. He sat out the primary fight, was unceremoniously dumped out of the G.O.P. organization by the victorious Gregg forces, and then took no part in the election campaign.

On closer inspection, the appointment looked like a natural. By naming Upton, Gregg had healed a party wound, placating the old-line party organization men who had resented the 1952 treatment of their vice chairman. Upton emphasized that he was accepting the appointment "without condition," but politicos guessed that he will not run next year, when the seat must be filled by election. That would leave a wide-open race for other candidates, probably including young Hugh Gregg.

ARMED FORCES

Draft as Usual

In Korea last week, Army Secretary Robert Stevens jolted the post-truce hopes of a million potential draftees back home by announcing that the U.S. would maintain its present strength in Korea for at least "several years." In Washington, the Defense Department was more specific: the monthly quota of 10,000 draftees will probably be maintained through 1953. Then, barring drastic international crisis, draft quotas will drop to 19,000 per month during the first half of 1954. But beginning in July 1954, the number will jump to 45,000 a month. Reasons: 1) since the big buildup of 1951, the Army has faced a biennial wave of discharges, and the wave will hit next in the summer of 1954; 2) truce or no truce, the U.S. plans to keep Korea at its current strength of 1,500,000 men.

Gloom in the Silent Service

late last month the sharklike U.S.S. *Harder*, one of the Navy's newest fast attack submarines, got under way from Belfast, Ireland and set a westward course for her home base at New London, Conn. One of *Harder*'s engines was out of commission with a cracked block when the voyage began. About 650 miles west of Belfast, the crankshaft on a second engine broke. Sixteen hours later, *Harder*'s last engine was partially disabled, and what little power it could generate had to be used to charge the submarine's ebbing batteries. Last week, 16 days after her departure from Belfast, *Harder* finally came into New London, trailing ignominiously at the end of a towline from the submarine rescue ship *Tringa*.

Scratch Three Killers. To the U.S. Navy's submarine force, the fate of *Harder*, immobilized at a New London pier, seemed unhappily symbolic of a whole accumulation of woes and ills which has beset the "silent service" since end of World War II. *Harder* is one of six new attack submarines equipped with novel



U.S. Navy
REAR ADMIRAL AKERS
Down the torpedoes.

lightweight diesel engines which the Navy's Bureau of Ships adopted over the protest of many submariners. All six ships have had engine problems comparable to *Harder*'s, and are now being newly designed for an older-type engine. The Bureau of Ships also ignored the submariners' warnings when it decided to construct three small, 750-ton "killer" subs. Now the whole killer class, built at a cost of \$30 million, has been written off as a failure for lack of adequate speed and cruising range.

Then there was the matter of torpedoes. U.S. submariners will never forget one of the great bushed scandals of the early days of World War II: faulty torpedoes. Time after time, intrepid submarine skippers would maneuver into dangerous Japanese waters, line up a shot, and then watch through periscopes while their torpedoes exploded prematurely, did not explode at all, or headed back at them. The Navy's Bureau of Ordnance is currently readying a new type of torpedo which will "do everything." But until it is ready, the newest subs live with a makeshift, inefficient arrangement for firing old-style torpedoes. "To hell with the torpedoes which will do everything," muttered a submariner last week. "Just get us a torpedo that will do anything."

Add Three Flattops. But the submariners' most grievous worry is that the Navy has fallen under the control of air-minded admirals. The assistant chief of naval operations for underway warfare is a naval aviator, Rear Admiral Frank Akers, who has never seen submarine service. Submariners complain that the air-minded high command has virtually shut off funds for submarine construction in order to find money for three new supercarriers.

Next year the Navy plans to build one conventional and one atomic-powered submarine. During the same period, a



United Press
SENATOR UPTON
Something for everyone.

dozen or more conventional subs will become obsolete and fit only for the scrap heap. Unless the building program is stepped up, submariners will not be able to maintain the force level of 105 active submarines, which the Joint Chiefs of Staff have been counting on in their strategic planning.

G.I. Blues

Many a lonely U.S. soldier has cursed the olive drab as he watched an enlisted marine, in the blue and scarlet of a dress uniform, move on to a dance floor. Last week, after years of fretting over the dreary appearance of its enlisted men, the Army finally gave G.I.s a break. On formal occasions, enlisted men as well as officers may now sport a dress uniform consisting of a dark blue coat with gold chevrons and sky blue pants with a gold stripe. To acquire this finery will cost a G.I. about \$80 (roughly a month's pay for a private).



Walter Bennett

COLUMNIST SMITH
Some cruel facts.

OPINION

Bomb for Barbarians?

Five days a week, Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith writes a syndicated over-the-back-fence news report for 40 odd papers on what she is doing down in Washington. Besides discussing her serious business, such as investigating ammunition shortages, she lets the folks in on odd bits of personal gossip, e.g., how capital busybodies have tried to matchmake Widow Smith with Georgia's Senator Richard B. Russell, one of the capital's more eligible bachelors.

Last week, however, chafed by a procession of headlines about Chinese Communist prisoner atrocities and obstructionist tactics, Maggie Smith's casual tone abruptly changed.

"If the current negotiations don't pro-

duce peace, but do break down and the war is resumed," she wrote, "then drop the atomic bomb on these barbarians who obviously in their past atrocities have proved that they have no concept of a desire for decency. Let us face the cruel facts—that we are confronted with a barbarous, unrelenting enemy who will stop at nothing short of our destruction—and that we have no choice but to destroy him first, as he will not listen to reason or respect decency and human life."

"We have tried everything else—maybe the atomic bomb will bring the Red barbarians to their senses as it did the Japanese. I know that some will protest that the atomic bomb is an immoral weapon. I agree that it is. But so are all other man-killing weapons of war . . . When will we learn that you don't stop the Red murderers by merely playing tiddlywinks with them?"

Last week Senator Smith's Armed Services Subcommittee, which earlier blasted U.S. ammunition shortages in Korea (TIME, June 1), took a second look at its problem—an encouraging sign in congressional-committee behavior. In its new report the committee stated that progress has been made. By May 1953, supplies of ammunition in Korea had been brought up to snuff, were adequate "to meet any contingency or emergency that may arise." At home, there are now more civilian factories producing ammunition, work is being better distributed and low-cost producers are being encouraged. Planned production for the fiscal year 1954 will exceed the total produced during the last 36 months.

There are still some glaring weaknesses e.g., the low stocks of ammunition available for the defense of Western Europe. Until they are remedied, Maggie Smith's committee will continue its investigations.

The Sanguine People

Despite repeated warnings from Washington that Russia has enough atom bombs to ravage the U.S., few cities have put much heart in developing adequate civil-defense precautions. Last week Pollster George Gallup found out why. He asked a cross section of adults whether they really believed the Russians can atom-bomb the U.S., learned that only 17% think they can, while a sanguine 73% still figure it can't happen here.

The High Cost of Running

In the hill country of southeastern Kentucky, politics demands something slightly more personal than a television smile or a political machine. Just what it does demand was outlined last week by young (34), brawny Sheriff George Wooton, who was a candidate for Leslie County Judge in the August 1 primary. Wrote Wooton in a campaign report to the county's only newspaper, the *Thousands* (weekly circ. 735):

"Lost three months and 20 days canvassing the county. Lost 1,360 hours of

sleep studying about the election. Lost six acres of corn and a lot of sweet taters. Lost two front teeth and a lot of hair in a personal encounter with an opponent. Donated to 200 preachers, gave 1,000 fans to churches. Gave away one bull, eight sheep, seven head of sheep to barbecues; gave away two pairs of suspenders, five calico dresses, five dolls and 15 baby rattles, kissed 150 babies, kindled 25 fires, put up 14 cook stoves, cut 15 cords of stove wood, promised twelve pups—the old female had only six. Carried 75 buckets of water, picked 25 gallons of blackberries, hauled 100 bags of dairy feed, unloaded 20 tons of lime; shook hands 9,000 times, told 500 lies, talked enough to make 10,000 volumes; attended 27 revivals, was baptised seven times by immersion and twice by some other way, contributed to foreign missions, walked 500 miles, knocked on 2,000 doors, got beat 39 times by dogs and then got beat."



International
COMMITTEEWOMAN ROOSEVELT
A disturbing trend.

ORGANIZATIONS

Coffee & a New Role

While five coffeepots boiled and bubbled in the background, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt last week sat down at a Washington press conference to launch a new organization. To old Washington hands, the sight of Eleanor Roosevelt sending a new committee down the ways was indeed familiar. In more than two decades, she had served as foster mother, guiding light or honorary whatnot to a whole fleet of organizations, from the Communist-front American Youth Congress to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Her new organization is the National Issues Committee, tacked together by a group of assorted Washington liberals headed by Philip Schiff. Washington di-



THE CARNEYS'



THE RADFORDS'

The Marines had the situation well in hand.



THE RIDGWAYS'

rector of the Jewish Welfare Board. The founders, aiming toward a nationwide network of "committees of correspondence" and a \$100,000 annual budget (contributions tax-deductible), wanted a celebrity as chairman. Mrs. Roosevelt accepted enthusiastically. She had noticed "disturbing . . . probably reactionary" trend in the U.S., and she thought the committee could reverse it by explaining national issues to the people "in an understandable form—not on a partisan basis but on a liberal basis."

The new launching did not cause much of a splash in the Washington political waters. Said Robert Humphreys, publicity director for the Republican National Committee: "It's going to be a left-wing Americans for Democratic Action . . . I regard it with complete indifference." Signed Humphrey's opposite number, Democrat Sam Brightman. "Life was a lot simpler when you just had the Democratic, Republican, Vegetarian and Prohibition parties."

THE CAPITAL Operation Househunt

Most military officers ordered to Washington share the common problem of finding a place to live in the jampacked city. The topmost brass, however, is supposed to be an exception: ranking generals and admirals are provided with comfortable, government-owned quarters, staffed with enlisted servants. But in the postwar starburst of promotions, even the high command began to develop a housing headache. Last week it turned into a top-level crisis that shook the Pentagon to its highest council chambers and had the nation's foremost military men scurrying around Washington, grabbing houses like kids in a game of musical chairs.

It began back in 1949, when General Omar Bradley was promoted from Army Chief of Staff to the chairmanship of the new Joint Chiefs of Staff, and decided to stay on in his roomy old Quarters 1, at Fort Myer, traditional home of the Army's No. 1 man. General Joe Collins, coming in as Bradley's successor, had to make do in a commodious brick mansion at Fort McNair. When the new Joint Chiefs were appointed last May, Collins saw trouble

ahead. If Admiral Arthur Radford, new boss of the JCS, followed Bradley's precedent and moved into Quarters 1, Collins reasoned, then General Matthew Ridgway, Collins' own successor, would probably pre-empt the house at Fort McNair, and Collins would be househunting again.

Close Ranks. Since he is staying on in Washington as Radford's NATO assistant, Collins (who is not called "Lightning Joe" for nothing) reacted fast. He learned that the spacious quarters at Fort Myer, which Air Force General Hoyt Vandenberg had occupied,* were still vacant, and that Van's successor as Air Chief, General Nate Twining, had no plans to move into them. Collins called Ridgway and suggested, with the fervor of a real-estate agent, that the Vandenberg house, with its panoramic view of the city, might be just the thing for him. But Ridgway had his eye on Bradley's Quarters 1 and wasn't interested. When word of Collins' plot reached him, Twining hastily changed his plans, moved into the Vandenberg house and ordered his deputy, General

Tommy White, to take over his own vacated quarters nearby and close ranks.

The crisis spread to the Navy. As the new Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Robert Carney was entitled to live in a huge, turreted barn at the Naval Observatory, next door to the British Embassy, but he nursed a dark suspicion that the higher-ranking Radford might grab it first. To forestall an invasion, Carney leaked a strategic news item to a society columnist, who reported that "Admiral Carney says he expects to move into the admiral's house on Observatory Hill." Ridgway told the same columnist he intended to take over the Bradley house. Having lost the ball, Radford moved in temporarily with his old friend, Marine Commandant Lem Shepherd, at his comfortable Marine Barracks quarters.

Open Space. The problem was bucked to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, whose practical solution was to rent a suitable place for Radford. But Wilfred McNeil, the defense comptroller, was horrified. The rent was too high, and besides, the Navy would have to employ a staff of civilian servants to replace the retinue of messboys and cooks assigned to a four-star admiral, since the law forbids the employment of military men in private homes rented by the Government.

The Navy thereupon called a top-level meeting to consider the now desperate problem. Admiral D. B. Duncan, Vice Chief of Naval Operations, was asked to yield his house to Radford, but he refused. At a second meeting, outgoing CNO Bill Feltcheler recalled that there were two substantial houses at the Naval Gun Factory. The trouble was they were already occupied by the commandant of the Potomac River Command, Rear Admiral Fort, and the gun-factory superintendent, Rear Admiral Hill. Wilson solved this problem by combining the job of Admiral Fort, slated for retirement soon, with that of Admiral Hill. One less admiral meant one more house. Admiral Radford had found a snug harbor at last.

This week, as the new Joint Staff met for the first time, all was serene from Observatory Hill to Quarters 1, and Secretary Wilson, in his apartment at the Sheraton Park, could turn to other problems of national defense.

*One of three houses which the Army grudgingly relinquished when the Air Force became an independent service. Many Air Force generals are billeted at Bolling Field, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and ride elegantly to work in the "Air Force Navy"; a flotilla of admirals' plots operated for their benefit between Bolling and the Pentagon lagoon.



NEWS IN PICTURES

CAPITOL EXODUS: CONGRESS ON VACATION



CHAMPION GOLFER, Congressman Jack Westland of Washington, winner of the 1952 National Amateur, gets into trim at Yakima for this year's tournament.



VERMONT FARMER, Senate Agriculture Committee Chairman George Aiken, looks over his corn crop at Putney. Aiken also runs a nursery, is an authority on perennials and wild flowers.



HORSE TRAINER Wayne Morse takes a spin around muddy track at Oxon Hill, Md. Oregon's Independent Senator is training Edgewood Easter, his three-year-old high-stepping colt, as horse show trotter.



Courtesy White House

VICE PRESIDENTIAL FAMILY pauses during beach stroll at Mantoloking, N.J. for daughters Patricia Nixon (7) and Julie (5) to show piece of seaweed to "Checkers," family's year-old cocker spaniel.



James F. G. Lee



RELAXING SPEAKER Joe Martin stretches out with paper on porch of summer home at Sagamore Beach, Mass. His schedule: visits with constituents, swimming and fishing for striped bass.

INTERNATIONAL

COLD WAR

The New Fluidity

In the good old summertime, any conscientious U.S. headline reader last week was apt to feel that allies were proving faithless and the world was falling apart. The Shah flees; France goes on strike; Britain acts testily; anti-Americanism spreads. So read the headlines. Happenings in isolated and distant places interacted in unpredictable ways.

In the still August days, events were moving. The big new international fact is that the seven-year-old cold war is no longer a shoring of fixed positions; it has become a fluid diplomatic war of maneuver. Armistice in Korea had loosened the unanimity of purpose that the fighting there imposed: new decisions are needed in Asia. In Europe, Stalin's death and the evident unrest of the satellites had brought relaxation in the West; old cries no longer persuaded, old decisions no longer held.

In such an atmosphere, old-fashioned nationalism is reasserting itself, against such grand schemes as EDC and the Middle Eastern Defense pact, both of which require national pride to subordinate itself.

Since World War II, coalition had been the remedy prescribed most often for the West's big problems. Now it proved cumbersome when it had to treat with "local issues" like Trieste, Suez, the Saar. Korea was proof that multinational commands lead not to unity but to dissension, and the lesson learned there is that adding weak links to a chain does not strengthen it. Increasingly, the trend is for individual nations to go their own way, consulting their friends but not being bound by them.

Russian policy is already responsive to

the new fluidity, and is hoping to channel it. Western diplomats, analyzing Malenkov's big Kremlin speech (TIME, Aug. 17), concluded that Russia has decided to concentrate its attention on France: to stir up fears of German militarism, to dangle hopes of peace in Indo-China (the only cold war front conspicuously unmentioned by Malenkov) and to break up the Western coalition by concentrating on its weakest link. To judge by his speech, the Russians have now abandoned any real hope of winning over the Germans.

The U.S. too, almost without realizing it, is heading towards a new bilateralism. Acting alone, Washington guaranteed Formosa, pledged aid to Syngman Rhee, expects to sign a treaty with Franco Spain. This week the U.S. and its U.N. allies disagreed publicly in the U.N. General Assembly: though some clucked over this trend, and others were made nervous by it, it brought a refreshing new realism into events.

This was not "going it alone," but quite the opposite. It did not mean bolting the U.N. or ignoring allies. In a time of fluidity, it was a relearning of an old truth: that agreements are most binding when they most respond to actual interests, and do not depend on reluctant assets by vast accumulations of dissatisfied or disinterested partners.

Agreeing to Disagree

The 16 U.N. nations whose troops fought side by side in Korea got together in Manhattan last week, on the eve of a special meeting of the U.N. Assembly. They tried to coordinate their plans for confronting the Communists at the post-Korean political conference. But instead

of getting together, they did a convincing job of disagreeing in public.

Article 60. U.S. Representative Henry Cabot Lodge informed the other allies that he regarded the arrangements for the conference as "perfectly clear." Lodge cited Article 60 of the armistice agreement, which provides that a conference "of a higher level of both sides be held" within three months after the armistice was signed (July 27). The conference agenda: "To settle through negotiation . . . the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etc." In the U.S. view, said Lodge, "both sides" means what it did at Panmunjom: them and us. "One side consists of the nations who had armed forces fighting under the U.N. flag. The other consists of the Communists." In the U.S. view, it follows that the U.N. ought not to invite either Russia ("definitely not on our side") nor India (which had no fighting forces in Korea). Lodge tried to persuade Sir Gladwyn Jebb, but the British found Lodge's stand "unrealistic" and when Canada and France sided with Britain, a first-class row ensued.

ARGUMENT No. 1 was over Russian participation. If the North Koreans want to invite the Russians, Cabot Lodge had "no particular objections." It would simply prove what the U.S. had contended all along: that the U.N. fought a war not only against North Korea and Red China but against the Soviet Union, too. What the U.S. objected to was an invitation to Moscow to sit on the U.N. side as a "neutral." Too many Americans have been killed by Russian weapons to make such a thing palatable.

To the British Commonwealth countries, the conference would be a failure if Russia were not there. The British hope to convert the Korean parley into a *de facto* Big Five conference and talk magnificently of driving a wedge between Moscow and Peking. This week U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold implied that the British approach was "cooperative and constructive," and Cabot Lodge, bowing to the inevitable, accepted a compromise that was a U.S. capitulation in everything but name. In deference to the U.S., the Assembly might not actually invite Russia to the conference. It could simply recommend that a Soviet representative be seated at the table.

ARGUMENT No. 2 was over India. Washington worried that the Indians might turn out to be "neutral on the side of the Communists." Syngman Rhee was quite likely to boycott the conference if the Indians were seated.

British Commonwealth spokesmen thought that India had worked her passage by helping to frame the prisonerrepatriation formula that led to an armistice. Much more important was Britain's



U.N. DELEGATES LODGE & JEBB
Both sides' means them and us.

International

view that, with India seated, the conference could roam at will across the whole range of Asian problems, including the question of U.N. recognition of Red China. The British were prepared to sponsor India on the floor of the full Assembly, where the Indians might pick up enough Asian and African votes to secure them an invitation.

Bloody Nuisance. Britain's willingness to discuss the recognition question at the Korean conference rested on the tiny word "etc." tacked onto Article 60 by the Communists. The much more urgent objective—Korean unity—is regarded in London as nothing more than a bloody nuisance. British editorialists almost unanimously regard Syngman Rhee as a dangerous man and John Foster Dulles as too ready to give in to him. Then, to rouse these feelings even higher, came the Aug. 7 U.N. declaration that all 16 members who fought in Korea would jointly resist a Communist breach of the armistice. The last sentence read: "The consequences of such a breach . . . would be so grave that, in all probability, it would not be possible to confine hostilities within the frontiers of Korea."

To most Americans, this was fair warning that Peking should not expect to escape from a second aggression as easily as it had from the first. To the British Labor Party it was senseless warmongering which the Foreign Office had no right to agree to. This outburst struck the London *Economist* as proof that the Labor Party is against "any British firmness anywhere (except, of course, in Washington)." But the Tory government hastened to explain that the warning was not really a warning, but only a statement of probabilities.

This dustup only served to prove how futile and eventually disillusionary a practice it is to cover over disagreements with calculated ambiguities. In the new, more realistic vein, the West's proposal for the forthcoming political conference declares that no nation on the U.N. side need be bound by any decision for which it has not voted.

Marching North

In Korea, another U.S. ally put himself on record, and the world on notice. To crowds in Seoul gathered to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the Republic of Korea, 73-year-old President Syngman Rhee said:

"Soon . . . the world will see whether solutions abandoned on the battlefield can be won around the conference table . . . The one and only standard by which . . . the political conference may be judged is whether it achieves [unification]."

"It is our wish and determination to march north at the earliest possible time to save our North Korean brethren from the sure death they are facing today. We are destined to share with them life or death, and we are fully aware that our mental attachment and official obligation to them hardly allows us to delay their ultimate salvation another few months."



"Ed, I've a kinda bunch that President Syngman Rhee knows all there is to know about bargaining."

"This is why we have insisted that the conference should not be prolonged beyond ninety days. That is ample time for the Communists to demonstrate the degree of their sincerity in being willing to settle the issue of their aggressive attack upon Korea by political means."

Untempting Offer

While Western foreign offices were still mulling over the 13,000 words of Malenkov's H-bomb speech (TIME, Aug. 17), another fat 14-page note arrived unexpectedly from Moscow. In it Moscow proposed:

¶ A German peace conference, to meet within six months.

¶ A temporary, all-German government to prepare the ground for "free, all-German elections."

¶ A Big Four agreement canceling German reparations (which the U.S. gave up years ago though the others still receive them) and limiting occupation costs to 5% of the German budget.

Couched in vague phrases, easy to twist or disown, the Soviet suggestions were intended to embarrass Konrad Adenauer in the Sept. 6 West German election. But they were not likely to succeed, since the snags stuck out like Red army bayonets in East Berlin. An "all-German government" meant the fusing of the strong and stable Bonn regime with the Communist cabal that East Germans repudiated in their June 17 riots. "Free elections" would not be held for at least six months, during which the Reds presumably hoped to grab enough levers of power so that they could run the elections as they please; special arrangements must be made to include "democratic" elements (Communist fronts) and to exclude "fascists and militarists" (anti-Communists) from the all-German government. As for German participation in EDC, that was out. A free Germany, in Malenkov's view, ought not to be free enough to choose its own friends.

WESTERN EUROPE

Harvest Home

From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Shannon to the Elbe, tractors, horse teams and the work-blackened fingers of peasant women were gathering in what looked like the biggest harvest since World War II. French hillsides teemed with blue and green grapes that sent the price of wine toppling. In Germany, cattle and hogs were plump and plentiful; in Scandinavia, furrows bulged with a splendid crop of potatoes. Everywhere, except in Switzerland, where the spring frosts were harsh, Western Europe's harvest waxed fat and mellow, promising its people that next winter none need starve.

Across the narrow seas, Britain's urban millions still bought half their food overseas. Yet austerity, the hated catchword of seven lean years (1945-52), is but disappearing. Britons once again are eating roasts (and carrots) for Sunday dinner. Tea was de-rationed last October; candy, eggs and cream followed this summer. Sugar will be freed next month, and after Aug. 29, bakers will be able to sell white bread for the first time since 1942.

AUSTRIA

End of Censorship

For the past eight years, an Austrian living within sight of Switzerland could phone his Swiss neighbor only by routing his call through Vienna, 300 miles off, so that the censors might listen in. A staff of nearly 1,000 censors stuck their collective noses into letters from Vienna and the Russian zone, and into all telegrams, wireless and Teletype messages going abroad. Worse, the Austrians had to pay the \$500,000-a-year cost of all this censorious attention.

Last week, at the 200th session of the four-power Allied Council, the Russians gave in, finally agreed to abolition of the four-power censorship bureau in Vienna. They have also abolished censorship in their own zone, the last of the occupation powers to do so. The U.S., Britain and France had ended censorship in their zones six years ago, and 38 times had formally asked the Russians to do the same. Now, with Russia at last saying yes, all Austria was free of censorship.

KOREA

Cold Armistice

One day last week, a Communist observer idly scuffed at a mortar shell lying in the demilitarized zone. Alarmed, a U.N. observer turned to an interpreter and made the following statement, which was duly taken down, delivered, and made a part of the official record: "Our side believes that this object, which personnel of your side have been kicking, is an unexploded live round. In order to protect . . . both sides, our side requests that personnel of your side stop this action."

With such icy propriety and protocol,

the bureaucrats of the armistice last week went about their ticklish jobs.

¶ Neutral nation inspection teams (from Switzerland, Sweden, Poland and Czechoslovakia) set out for the five ports of entry on each side, where they will try their very best to make sure that neither army uses the armistice to build up its forces.

¶ Red Cross observers inspected P.W. camps on both sides; later the Communists complained that their Red Cross officials had been "obstructed" by the U.N. command, and U.N. officials learned that U.N. P.W.s still in Chinese hands had been carefully screened by the Communists before being allowed to talk to the visitors.

¶ An advance party from India, which will supervise and guard P.W.s who don't

The Ugly Story

The U.S. soldiers who crossed the line to freedom at Panmunjom last week were a smiling, happy, joking lot, plainly pleased to be on the way home. But back at the big processing shed in Munsan, and in the hot interview tents at Inchon, some of the stories they told took an ugly turn.

The tales had a familiar ring. Like those of P.W.s released from German and Japanese camps in World War II, they reflected the accumulated bitterness and hatred of pent-up men fighting to survive in an enemy prison. In front of movie cameras and a battery of correspondents, last week's returnees charged that some of their buddies in the Communist prison camps had turned informers. What was new about their complaint was the added

I was in that place and there were no rats there . . . It wasn't real rats that killed my buddy."

"Right Next to Me." Between the "pros" and the "rats," and the incorrigibly anti-Communist "reactionaries," prison air was heavy with tension and suspicion. "You couldn't trust your best friend," said one sergeant. "Were any progressives released today?" a newsman asked one returnee. The ex-P.W., a corporal, bit his lip. "Yes, there were. There is one sitting right next to me." Newsmen gasped, then quickly changed the subject. The man next to the corporal said nothing.

A small number of progressives—seven from one camp—were staying with the Communists. Most of the "pros" coming back appeared to be confused rather than dedicated men. Said an English medic captured with the Gloucesters: "Yesterday I knew the answers. Today I'm all mixed up. I read that pamphlet they gave us at Panmunjom—you know, the one that gives the aims of the U.N. Gentlemen, I've got a lot of thinking to do in the next few weeks."

"I Did Not Argue." A young American added: "Maybe some of the men think I was a pro. I went to the Communist lectures. I did not argue . . . The Chinese had us and I knew it. I got along as well as I could. The guys who argued with the instructors and sassed the guards did not help themselves and they did not help the rest of us. They just made it harder for everyone . . ."

How many Americans are still left behind Communist lines—either because they wanted to stay, because the Reds jailed them on criminal charges, or because the Reds have some other use for them—no one knows. The Communists have returned few officers. Just in case, the U.N. is holding back between 120 and 180 top Communist P.W.s as a bargaining lever.

Saved by Salad Oil

Captain Austin J. King of San Rafael, Calif., banked his heavy-bellied C-46 over Seoul airport one night this week, pushed the stick forward and prepared to land. Suddenly the pilot noticed that the plane's hydraulic system was out of order, and that one of the landing wheels was stuck in its casing. King pried open the trap door in the floor of his cockpit, wriggled into the narrow passage in the wing of his aircraft and tried to lower the wheel by hand. For 90 minutes he wrestled in the darkness of the wing while his copilot circled Seoul, burning up surplus fuel that might roast them alive if they crashed. But the wheel could not be lowered.

In desperation, King went aft into the cargo hatch, where twelve frightened passengers waited for the order to bail out. For the first time, he noticed the cargo: case after case of salad oil. King poured the salad oil into the faulty hydraulic system. The gear lowered smoothly, the plane landed safely, and Captain King and his grateful passengers shook hands and said goodnight.



RETURNED U.N. PRISONERS & THEIR FLAGS AT INCHON
Smiles, jokes and memories of pent-up hatred.

United Press

want to go home, listened implacably to briefings in Pyongyang and Tokyo, impressed U.N. officers with its determination to enforce the armistice agreement objectively.

At the stony meetings of rival belligerents on the Military Armistice Commission in Panmunjom, the Communists lodged 44 complaints of armistice violations, seriously pressed only one charge: an accusation that "bandits" representing Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek are being used to "intimidate" and "forcefully detain" Chinese and Korean prisoners. The factual basis to their charge: before they are moved north into neutral Indian custody for "explanations" by the Communists about why they should return home, anti-Communist prisoners are being reassured of their rights and opportunities. Chiang Kai-shek's picture, a statement in his name assuring Chinese prisoners of a welcome to Formosa, and personal talks by Nationalist Chinese are a conspicuous part of this procedure.

complication of buddies converted to Communism.

The "progressives," as these were called, almost always squealed on their mates. Some of the "rats" or "cheese-eaters" who gave information to the Communists were not "pros": they tattled for extra food, extra cigarettes. Said one pfc.: "If you insulted a cheese-eater or a pro, you'd be hurtin'."

Pfc. Lawrence Rix of Dowagiac, Mich., had only done what many prisoners do: he stole food. Somebody squealed, and he was stripped almost naked and forced to stand in a cold hole for two days. Pfc. Joe Allen told of a "pro" who reported him when he tried to escape with a buddy. The guards picked them up. Allen signed a confession, but his fellow escapee decided to hold out for a while. The Chinese put him in a damp cellar. Said Allen: "A few days later, they carried him out of the camp. He was dead, and he had blood around his mouth. The Chinese told us that the rats in the cellar got at him. But

FOREIGN NEWS

IRAN

Out Goes the Shah

One hot evening about 20 years ago, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, home on vacation from his elegant school in Switzerland, stood in the gardens of the ornate Marble Palace gazing into the waters of a pool. His father, the Shah of Persia, came upon him and demanded: "What are you doing, son?" "Nothing, father, just standing here thinking," answered the boy. The Shah's face clouded, and he roared: "Thinking! God damn it, one day you're going to be Shah and you'll have to act, not think." He booted his son into the water.

Father was a tough ex-cavalryman who became Shah by grabbing power; his son could never quite get over a shamed and hesitant feeling that the monarchy was not his by long tradition. Even after being booted into the pool, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi never learned to be decisive. Ascending the throne in 1941, Mohammed Reza quickly indicated that he preferred affairs of the heart to affairs of state. In his early days, he kept a fast plane, a hot-rod Cadillac and a French mistress; once he made a big and unsuccessful pitch for Rita Hayworth.

Favor Unreturned. While he was still Crown Prince, young Mohammed Reza did a kind act that was to lead, after many turnings, to his own undoing last week. A young physician begged the Crown Prince to take pity on the physician's father, who had been exiled by the Reza Shah, and was dying. Mohammed Reza brought the old man back from exile, thus saving his life, and won his pledge of eternal devotion. The old man was Mohammed Mossadegh.

When Mohammed Mossadegh came to power eleven years later, he first drove out the British, then turned his attention to the next obstacle in his way, the young Shah. First, he sent the Shah's sister and mother into exile. The departing Queen Mother warned her son: "Today this man banishes your sister and me. Tomorrow he will turn on you." A few months later Mossadegh did; he demanded that the Shah surrender control of the army. This once, the Shah stood firm. He dismissed Mossadegh and appointed a new Premier in his place, but after three days of pro-Mossadegh rioting in the streets of Teheran, the Shah quaveringly brought back Mossadegh and gave him the power he demanded.

Mossadegh was a master of the divide-and-conquer technique, uniting one day with a fanatic mullah to oust a rival Premier, allying himself with the Reds the next to break the mullah. He got rid of the ablest of the Shah's advisers like Court Minister Hussein Ala; he usurped the royal prerogative of dissolving the Majlis. The outlawed Communists, for supporting him, were left untouched and grew in strength.

A succession of British and U.S. ambassadors tried to encourage the Shah to be firm. Though they could reach his heart, they could not stiffen his spine. And at each stage of Mossadegh's usurpation of power, loyal army commanders pleaded: "Say the word, O Shahinshah, say the word." The Shah increasingly resorted to barbiturates to sleep; his temples greyed, his hands trembled. One night last week, in his 34th year, his twelfth as Shah, his third in the era of Mossadegh, the Shah gave the long-awaited word. It was much too late.

Forewarned. The machinery of power had long ago passed to Mossadegh; almost all the Shah's allies and strongpoints

Shah's. General Fazlollah Zahedi, onetime Senator, proclaimed himself Premier. He had royal decrees from the Shah, he said, dismissing Mossadegh. As recently as a year ago, Teheran would have rung with the news; now it caused no stir.

In northern Iran, at Ramsar on the Caspian Sea, where he and his pretty Queen were vacationing, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi heard the news of the failure. With Queen Soraya,* he boarded his private twin-engine plane and flew to safety in Bagdad (where he landed unrecognized, asking the name of a good hotel). In Teheran, Mossadegh, confined to his iron cot and closely guarded, counted one more obstacle out of his way. Now, though his unhappy country has lost one more source of stability, there was little left to challenge him except the Communist-led mobs, who now sing his praises, but whose leaders await his downfall to grab power for themselves.

RUMANIA

Unfinished Canal

One of the biggest public improvements promised the people by the Rumanian People's Democracy was to be the 30-mile-long, 200-ft.-wide Danube-Black Sea Canal, a project long dreamed of by Russian czars. British promoters and Bucharest businessmen. It would cut 170 miles off the route, allow deep-draught Red vessels to sail into Europe's heart, and reclaim by irrigation the vast, poor Dobruja plain through which it flowed.

Ground was broken in the spring of 1950; target date was 1955. Every four miles along the route, a camp sprang up to house 60,000 prisoners, redeeming themselves through "socialist labor," i.e., as slaves.

Last week, invited to the forbidden city of Bucharest to report a Congress of the World Federation of Democratic Youth,† four Western newsmen got their first interview in five years with the Foreign Minister, and asked about the canal. His answer: "The material and moral forces of the people should be concentrated on those works that will most rapidly raise their living standards. The continuation or discontinuation of work on the canal is not essential." In other words, work on the canal had been dropped, and the reason given fitted in with the Kremlin's big switch from capital goods to consumer goods. Actually, the canal project was a bust. Nearly two-thirds of the scheduled construction time had elapsed before work was stopped, but less than six of its 50 miles had been finished.

* His second wife, The first, Egyptian Princess Fawzia, was Farouk's sister; he divorced her in 1948 for failure to bear him a son.

† One of whose star attractions was a frequently played recorded greeting from that perpetual adolescent, the 79-year-old Red Dean of Canterbury.



THE SHAH & HIS QUEEN
Anybody know a good hotel?

had been enveloped and destroyed. At the end, only 700 of the Imperial Guard and one brigade were loyal to the palace. Shortly before midnight they donned helmets and took up arms against Mossadegh. They arrested three Cabinet members, including Foreign Minister Hussein Fatemi. With a few truckloads of troops, a colonel of the Imperial Guard set off for Mossadegh's house, with royal orders for the Premier's dismissal. Mossadegh's forces had been tipped off and were waiting. The Imperial Guards walked into a solid wall of tanks, trucks and jeeps around Mossadegh's house.

Troops loyal to Mossadegh surrounded the Palace and Parliament building. By 5 a.m., it was all over, not a shot fired. In the face of Mossadegh's overwhelming control, the Shah's belated assertion of his constitutional prerogative was made to seem like an attempted coup, and Mossadegh, the usurper, to personify law & order. Belatedly, from a hideout in the mountains, a brave follower of the

FRANCE

Sorcerer's Apprentice

A young mother, stranded in Paris' Gare de l'Est by striking railway workers, slept with her three children in the stalled train. Since she had only 200 francs (57¢) to feed her brood, she went a whole day without eating anything herself. Another young woman, waxing indignant over the mother's plight, was asked if she blamed the government or the strikers for the mess. She answered: "Ni l'un ni l'autre; c'est moche, c'est tout [Neither of them; it's lousy, that's all]."

"I Say No." That seemed to be the prevailing, resigned mood as the wave of French strikes rolled on through a second week. It was not a general strike; it was,

direct or indirect, brought against the government. I say no to the discomfort which the strikers are inflicting on the more numerous who are not on strike."

Increasing Irritation. The trouble had started among the postal workers of Bordeaux, set off by portly (250-lb.) Camille ("Scarface") Mourguès, secretary-general of the *Force Ouvrière*'s postal, telephone and telegraph unions. A World War II veteran who was captured by the Germans, escaped, got a prominent facial scar fighting in the Maquis, Camille Mourguès wised up to the Communists early in the postwar period and helped to found the *Force Ouvrière*, which is Socialist and anti-Communist. Though he dislikes the Communists, Mourguès dislikes French governmental politics also.

solution, or at least a graceful pretext for going back to work, the Communists in hope of a brawl that would worsen the nation's plight. Laniel was conferring with the *Force Ouvrière* and Catholic leaders, but not with the Reds.

The Communists were determined to get the maximum benefit to themselves—that is, the maximum damage to France—out of the trouble that others had started. At week's end they were calling out industrial workers in the Marseille area and planning parades for this week (probably with violence) in celebration of the ninth anniversary of France's liberation from the Germans.

Becoming Medieval?

One of the encouraging notes about France's discouraging situation is the fact that some Frenchmen themselves are getting worried about things. Thundered the new conservative weekly, *L'Espresso*, edited by able young Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber:

"Every one of us, every day, meets countrymen, often in the highest places of the national hierarchy, who treat with a grand contempt, even anger, any uneasiness which one expresses on the French situation. They repeat that this uneasiness is nothing but the result of Communist propaganda, and that one should have the courage to say, in all good conscience. Things aren't going so badly . . .

"Their satisfaction is monstrous stupidity. These illusions must be dispelled; they are as dangerous as morphine.

"Equilibrium is not the same as health . . . The Spanish economy is in equilibrium, like the Italian economy, like that of Abyssinia . . . Most Frenchmen eat, bathe and warm themselves fairly well in the winter. But little by little, faster and faster, one sees the conditions in which they live becoming medieval in relation to those countries which have managed to stay in the race. Just as Spain has fallen by the wayside, France, if she doesn't wake up, will become the Spain of the second half of the century . . .

GREAT BRITAIN

Thin White Line

A squad of British workmen marched round the cathedral city of Salisbury (pop. 33,000) one day last week, carefully painting broad white circles around the metal telephone posts. The men had not gone mad, as some Sarumites suspected; they were simply trying to protect Her Britannic Majesty's property from ill-mannered dogs. After much experiment, Post Office researchers had reached a solemn conclusion: that not even dire necessity will drive a normal dog to cross a bright white line. Instead, dogs try to sneak around the end of the line, and, in the case of a circle, never venture inside it. "Dogs see everything in greys and whites," explained one dog expert. "A white painted line probably dazzles them like a torch shone in the face."

The Salisbury experiment made scores



Thomas D. McAvoy—Life

FREE MAKESHIFT TRANSPORT ON PARIS' LEFT BANK
The Reds went along for the ride.

rather, a chain explosion of work stoppages launched in anticipation of governmental economy measures by new right-wing Premier Joseph Laniel (TIME, Aug. 17). Government industries and services—transport, mail, telephones, telegraph, gas, electricity, garbage collections, etc.—were crippled but not quite paralyzed. Labor efforts to extend the walkouts to private industry failed almost entirely.

There was no violence. Using troops, police and paid students or old men, the government provided army vehicles to run a big truck and bus service in Paris and from Paris to the provinces. Some mail was sorted and delivered, some trains ran, some emergency phone calls got through. Prisoner trustees collected garbage, and Red Cross workers buried the dead in "urgent" cases.

Premier Laniel vowed not to give in. In a radio address he said: "I say no to a strike which seeks to paralyze everything . . . I say no to maneuver or pressure,

The stoppages spread at first because of the miserably paid workers' increasing irritation with a series of short-lived and timid regimes. The trouble was kept going largely by rivalry between the *Force Ouvrière* and the Communist-dominated C.G.T. The Reds had not only gone along for the ride, but, as usual, were trying to take over the driver's seat.

The *Force Ouvrière* and the Catholic unions (which had joined the walkouts in some instances) realized this, and were looking for a way out. With withering accuracy the Paris newspaper *Figaro* commented: "The strike was rashly let loose by the sorcerer's apprentice, the *Force Ouvrière*, wanting to show up the C.G.T., which was polishing up its weapons for the autumn. But now the strike is being taken in hand by the Communists."

Hope for a Compromise. All of the unions were trying to force a reconvening of the National Assembly—the Socialists and Catholics in real hope of a

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of British dog lovers sit up and take notice. After testing his dog ("with much bending and drawing of white lines"), a Londoner reported that the animal "walked over the line several times, then sat down on it and had to be forcibly pushed off." Wrote one Gordon P. Pane: "I have found from experience with my front gate that my own Alsatians always pay their respects more to white than to any other color."

For an authoritative opinion, Britons naturally looked to the Canine Defense League, whose 187,000 members follow their protégés' habits with absorbing intensity. The league's opinion: white lines might help the Post Office protect public property, and do not infringe a dog's natural rights. "Of course, if they began painting a white line around every tree, we might begin to be a bit uppish," said the league secretary.

GREECE

Rescue in the Dust

It was a cool, breezeless morning in the greenhill isles of Ithaca, Zante and Cephalonia, off the western shores of Greece. Villagers and vacationers from the mainland slept or stirred, or busied themselves quietly about their homes. It was 5:30 a.m. Forty seconds later, the isles lay beneath a yellow shroud of brickdust in the wake of a major earthquake.

A woman tried to get her invalid sister out of a crumbling house; she knelt to pray, could not lift her sister again, and had to leave her behind. A young couple ran back into their swaying house to save their two-month-old baby; they were killed by the falling roof, but the baby, protected by his overturned crib, was saved. Next day the earth shook again, and many fled for the hills in fear that the island would slide beneath the sea. Panic-stricken Cephalonia police radioed to the mainland: "We are all sinking . . . The inhabitants . . . are mad with fear. All is crumbling down."

An armada of some 40 warships—U.S., British, Israeli, Greek, French and Italian—sped to the rescue, while new but lesser tremors continued to shake the islands. Said the commander of the British destroyer *Daring*: "We could feel the ship shaking as if distant depth charges were being dropped." The U.S. cruiser *Salem*, flagship of the Sixth Fleet, put a team of doctors and medical aides ashore. They reported: "The silence is broken only by the cries of the injured, and the crunch beneath the shoes of the stretcher bearers." Said Earl Mountbatten of Burma-NATO Mediterranean commander: "Cephalonia looks as if a giant hand had smashed its buildings to the ground."

Greeks, Britons, Americans and Israelis landed food and water, drugs and plasma; they set up hospitals and field kitchens; they bulldozed great boulders from the roads, steering gingerly past fissures down which a few islanders had perished; they dropped food and water from helicopters in the hills; they evacu-



uated the wounded and buried the dead. More food, drugs, clothing, even prefabricated houses were also on the way. From Germany, the U.S. airlifted three tons of blood plasma. The toll: some 600 islanders dead, 700 seriously injured, 4,000 hurt and 100,000 homeless.

ITALY

"Our Future Is Temporary"

Every Aug. 15, when Ferragosto rolls around, all Italy takes a holiday. For 24 hours newspapers go unpublished, garbage uncollected, milk undelivered; banks, offices, shops and restaurants shut. Nothing earnest happens on the 2,000-year-old holiday, not even official business: it is Italy's seventh-inning stretch.

Last week, when Ferragosto rolled around, there was unwanted activity in one household: President Luigi Einaudi's summer villa at Caprarola, 40 miles from Rome. For 48 days Italy had been without a government; passage of the budget was



PREMIER PELLA
Three jobs for the third man.

Publifoto

long overdue. That afternoon, frail, 79-year-old President Einaudi closeted himself with Giuseppe Pella, Italy's able finance minister for the past six years and dogged protector of the lira. Emerging three hours later, Pella announced that as Premier-designate, he would try to form a government.

Down Go I & 2. He was the third to try since the inconclusive election of June 7, in which the center declined, and the left and right gained. First had been Alcide de Gasperi, hoping to restore the coalition of the center, over which he presided for six years. He failed, and took to the hills to rest and reread Virgil.

Then came another Christian Democrat, Attilio Piccioni, De Gasperi's Deputy Premier. The problem before him was whether to win over the Monarchists with 40 votes, or the left-center (Social Democrats, Liberals, Republicans), with 38 votes. Piccioni decided to try the left flank, and was running along nicely until he collided with Social Democrat Giuseppe Saragat. Six years ago, Saragat, flamboyantly pro-Western ("Neutrality is impossible in Italy"), led his followers out of the Socialist Party, crying that Leader Pietro Nenni was a "filocomunista." But after the recent election, in which he lost 14 seats while Fellow Traveler Nenni gained 23, Saragat began seeing his old enemy Nenni for friendly chats.

Now Saragat would join Piccioni's Cabinet only if it really moved to the left. "All right," said Piccioni, "It's O.K. about the program." Saragat next told friends, "but the men who are to carry it out are important. Out with the names, damn it!" When the names came out, Saragat would not play: "You can't name men of rightist opinions to administer a program of leftist social progress." And so Piccioni gave up.

Up Comes Three. Pella, who is also a Christian Democrat, announced a modest program. He would sidestep politics and name a Cabinet of "technicians" to serve for a "transition period," i.e., get the regular budget through Parliament by the end of October as required by the constitution. Nine of Pella's 15 "technicians" turned out to be ministers in previous De Gasperi Cabinets, and all were Christian Democrats. Pella would be his own foreign minister and budget minister. Said he: "Our future is temporary."

This week Pella will ask a vote of confidence and find out how temporary his future is. Even if he wins a brief turn in office, there is little likelihood of restoring political stability in Italy without a new national election, possibly next April.

IRELAND

Great Northern & Southern

Inflexible on matters of principle, the Irish are often agreeable to little concessions on matters of practice. With never a good word to say of the territory that lies on the opposite side of the river from their own, Irishmen from north and south

of the Boyne frequently find reason to cross the border. By far the pleasantest way to make the trip is via the Great Northern Railway lines, whose engines snort with brisk Ulster efficiency from the lazy glens of Antrim past the Mountains of Mourne. G.N.R. trains cross the border between Northern Ireland and the south up to 50 times a day. Despite the anguished howls of a clergyman who shouted at its first run: "You are transporting the souls of otherwise good folk to the devil," Irishmen, both Catholic and Protestant, have ridden the Great Northern's 543 miles of track for 77 years with no more protection than a penny tossed into the Boyne for good luck as they passed over. In the worst of postwar austerity (which Northern Irish shared with the English), residents of the north found the G.N.R.

joint ownership of the two separate nations. "Funny, when you come to think of it," said a philosophical G.N.R. worker, "We'll be doubly nationalized. It could only happen in Ireland."

THE PHILIPPINES

Mambo, Mambo

Even though election day is three months away, Filipinos (who model their campaigning on what they imagine U.S. electioneering to be) were going at it hot & heavy last week. President Elpidio Quirino was handicapped by being in the U.S. to recover from an operation on his ulcers, and by the fact that Eisenhower had so far not invited him to Denver. Carlos Romulo was handicapped by the fact that his campaign had not caught on,



Rodolfo Salasalan—Manila Daily Bulletin
CANDIDATE MAGSAYSAY CAMPAIGNING
"It's my obsession to serve you."

a royal road to the unrationed paradise of the south, where fresh eggs and fresh meat were plentiful, and Guinness only seven-pence the pint (it cost twice as much in Belfast). The G.N.R.'s crack Belfast-Dublin Express came to be known as the Smuggler's Special because of the many travelers who rode south in their old clothes and returned in spanking new threads from Dublin's best tailors. One traveler who made the change-over in the train lavatory was embarrassed, after throwing his old suit out the window, to find that the new one had no pants.

Two years ago when bankruptcy threatened the favorite road, Orangemen and Fenians alike agreed that nationalization was the only answer for the G.N.R. The next question was how, since Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic were scarcely on speaking terms. For two years, while the argument raged, the money-losing Great Northern chugged on under private ownership. Last week agreement was reached to put the railroad under

and that he felt it necessary to issue daily statements that he would not pull out because of "my sacred duty to thousands." That left most of the excitement to Ramon Magsaysay, the Huk fighter.

One day last week, after giving a speech on economics (not his strongest subject) to the Manila Junior Chamber of Commerce, Magsaysay hurried home, changed his grey business suit for slacks and an aloha shirt, and set out in an air-conditioned Cadillac for the barrios.

In a driving rain, Magsaysay was whisked through bamboo forests into Pampanga province, the last region of the islands where the Huks are still strong. A limousine with six bodyguards led the way; a jeepload of Manila police guarded the rear. Peasants, alerted that Magsaysay (pronounced *mug-sigh-sigh*) was coming, waved and grinned from beneath their huge dripping *salakots* (hats). As the convoy sloshed into Manalin, a public address system blared the catchy *Magsaysay Mambo*: "Mambo, Mambo, Mag-

saysay./ Our democracy will die,/ If there is no Magsaysay."

Hundreds of enthusiastic peasants, many of them barefooted, waited on an outdoor basketball court for him to appear. Dripping wet, Magsaysay borrowed a comb from a toothy young man whom he introduced as "Commander Big Boy, one of the Huks who surrendered to me."

The Shaved Heads. The meeting began with a pair of comedians with shaved heads who did a scathing song & dance satire of Romulo. Sample: "Are you the author of *I Saw Bataan Fall*?" "Yes, sir." "Where were you when Bataan fell?" "I was hiding in a tunnel." The tunnel was Corregidor, the book's title was a little wrong, and the accusation was unfair, but it went over fine. Then the shaved heads took up a report that Romulo had plagiarized from Adlai Stevenson. "Why didn't you steal a speech from Eisenhower?" "Because I am going to lose too."

Romulo was left to the comedians; the record of Quirino's Liberal Party was left to Magsaysay himself. Speaking mostly in Tagalog dialect, heaving with emotion, Magsaysay told of the 1951 murder of Politician Moises Padilla, "whose only crime was to make speeches against the administration." He told how Padilla's legs were broken, his eyes gouged out, and his tongue pierced, before he was killed by five bullets in the back. "I carried his body in my arms," shouted Magsaysay. "It was not the body of Padilla I carried, but the body of the humble people of my country."

Then Magsaysay went unabashedly to work building himself up as a homespun hero and as a great friend of America. Said 45-year-old Magsaysay:

"I have been attacked as too young for office. Quirino didn't ask my age when he asked me to clean up Huks . . . They have attacked me because I was once a mechanic and truck driver. That's not an insult to me but an insult to 19 million humble Filipinos."

Rice & Coke. With cries of *Mabuhay* (long live) in his ears, earnest, honest Magsaysay climbed back into his car and drove on. It was pitch dark. At several villages, the candidate and his bodyguards plodded with flashlights through inky darkness in the rain to shake hands with people. At Guagua, Magsaysay dined on chicken and rice, washed down by Coca-Cola, and told a crowd that "by coming like this among the humble people of the country, I am revolutionizing political campaigning in the Philippines . . . My policy can be summed up in one word, 'Action.' It's my obsession to serve you."

As his limousine headed back towards Manila, with a guard pointing a cocked carbine through the window into the rainy night, Magsaysay nervously cracked his knuckles, and predicted that he would get 60% of the votes if the election were free. He accused Quirino of hoping to stay in office by fraud and intimidation. If the election is stolen, said Magsaysay, "the Philippines will become a banana republic at the mercy of the Communists."



SAFETY WAS ONLY FOR THE STRONG!

Fool-proof and simple, many "fire protection" devices of a half-century ago were useless for most people. The fire rope, for instance, almost standard in inns and multiple dwellings of our grandfathers' time, spelled safety only for the strong who could lower themselves hand over hand.

Modern, fire-resistant buildings give little need for spectacular dives through windows. Many are equipped with dependable Edwards Fire Alarm Systems. These convey a positive fire warning that enables guests or tenants to move out quickly... help authorities fight fire faster.

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Europe's Provinces



CYCLISTS IN MUNICH pedal along Marienplatz past the New Town Hall, one of public buildings hard hit by wartime bombing.

BAVARIA

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY FENNO JACOBS

AMONG the ten states of the Federal Republic of Germany, Bavaria is probably the most individual in character and independent in spirit. The Bavarians distrust anything foreign. They maintain their provincial dress (particularly their leather shorts), their dialect and their Roman Catholicism. Although Germany is the most influential Protestant country in continental Europe, 70% of Bavarians are Catholics. In political terms, Bavarians also like to go it alone. In 700 A.D., Duke Tassilo of Bavaria walked out on his overlord, King Pippin the Short, and is to this day a hero of Bavarian nationalists. From 1632 to 1871, Bavaria was in fact independent. And in 1871, Bavarians agreed to join Germany only on condition that they be allowed to keep their "autonomy, their individuality, their kindly and comfortable material life."

Bavarians have rarely, however, been able to assert their independence at crucial moments in world history. Charlemagne and Louis XIV, Napoleon and Bismarck directed Bavaria's affairs without much interference. In this century, Bavaria was the breeding ground of Hitler's National Socialism. Yet some Bavarians were still able to strike dissonant, independent chords against this recurring Wagnerian theme, notably Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich. And Dr. Goebbels himself complained that Bavarians were not behind the Nazi war effort. "After all," he sneered, "they aren't Prussians." Bavarians agree.



CHAPEL OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW HUGS SHORE OF KOENIGSSEE, SHELTERED BY SHEER CLIFFS OF BAVARIAN ALPS.

BAVARIA



RIVER INN sweeps past medieval churches and Gothic castle of Wasserburg before flowing into the Danube at Passau.

TERRACE CAFE is perched on mountain near village of Berchtesgaden, favorite retreat of Hitler and top Nazi leaders.



SACRED FRESCOES like these on inn near Mittenwald have been used to decorate buildings in southern Bavaria since 16th century.



BAVARIA & LION, erected in Munich by command of King Ludwig I, is monument to former independent monarchy.



GREEN PASTURES make Bavaria thriving beef and dairy center. Cattle graze here near Reichenhall, on Austrian border.

BAVARIA



WAYSIDE SHRINE near winter-sport resort of Garmisch-Partenkirchen is common sight in southern Bavaria, Germany's strongest Catholic area.



"CHURCH IN THE MEADOW," built in 18th century by Dominikus and Johann Zimmermann, is prime example of Bavarian baroque

NEUSCHWANSTEIN is fairy-tale castle of mad King Ludwig II, who besieged here by government forces in 1886 after he was declared insane.



THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Murder in the Sun

As a reporter for the newspaper *O Momento* in the provincial capital of Goiânia (pop. 55,430), Haroldo Gurgel, 22, knew that he had made some powerful political enemies. When he left his hotel one morning last week, four gunmen jumped him, dragged him to the city's central square. There, before a crowd of horror-stricken townspeople, they pushed Gurgel against a wall, pistol-whipped him half-unconscious, then pumped twelve bullets into him as he tried to crawl away. Two men who tried to help him were wounded. After that, the murderers calmly pocketed their pistols and strolled away, while the by-

standers cautiously moved in to pick up the dead man and his friends.

tain who had denounced Gurgel's murder to his chief was even disciplined for insubordination. But at week's end no cop had yet dared to erase from a plaster wall in the square the words someone had dabbed there with a stick dipped in Reporter Gurgel's blood: HERE DIED A JOURNALIST DEFENDING FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

PANAMA

Buried Treasure

Buccaneer Henry Morgan, ravishing Panama of 400,000 pieces of eight in 1671, was a halfhearted shoplifter compared to the modern-day looters who went to work there after World War II. When the U.S. turned its 134 defense sites on the isthmus



REPORTER GURGEL BEING CARRIED FROM GOIÂNIA SQUARE
On the wall, an epitaph in blood.

Meridional

standers cautiously moved in to pick up the dead man and his friends.

It was not hard to find the immediate provocation for the brutal murder. The day before, *O Momento* had published a story by Reporter Gurgel aimed at Pedro Ludovico Teixeira, governor of the state of Goiânia and the newspaper's prime political enemy. It charged that Pedro Arantes, whom the governor had appointed head of the Electric Energy Commission, was running the state's drastic power rationing to suit himself. The paper printed its attack under the headline HE CAME AND PRODUCED LIGHT. Soon after the story appeared, Arantes met the reporter on the street, slapped him across the face.

That was a warning, but no one expected the bloodshed that followed next day. Outrage flared throughout the state and nation. Students went on strike. Bar and press associations demanded justice. Only then did Governor Teixeira publicly disclaim responsibility for the murder and order Arantes removed from his post. But the power commissioner and his gunmen had already left town.

No Goiânia cops seemed to be in any hurry to make an arrest. One police cap-

over to Panama in 1946-48, piratical countrymen ransacked barracks and hangars, worth millions, for lumber and pipe. But the richest treasure turned out to be miles of buried phone and teleprinter cable.

Sheathed in lead worth up to 17¢ a pound, the cable could be had merely by loosening 6 to 18 inches of red earth and pulling up the buried treasure. As outlying, unused cable was mined out, the thieves boldly moved on to Panama City and the U.S.-governed Canal Zone. One youth was electrocuted while cutting a 2,400-volt power line. All America Cables' main wire to New York was cut, telephone went dead, and the vital link between control towers at Albrook and Tocumen airports was broken.

Because the loot in any one case was usually worth less than \$40, the zone's district attorney could convict thieves only for petty larceny, punishable by no more than 30 days in jail. Early this year, the Defense Department asked Congress for an act to make cable cutting a felony. President Eisenhower has now signed it into law. The cost of breaking cables as of last week: up to \$1,000 fine, up to three years in prison, or both.

The facts of life!



(and how to explain them)

"Son," you say in an embarrassed tone, "It's time you learned the facts!"

"Hot dog!" says Baby Boy.

"Well," you continue, "Men are different from ladies. They . . . er, shave . . . and er . . ."

"Get to the point, Pop!"

"Now that you're about to become a man you should know about shaving!"

"What about dames?" asks Angel Face coldly.

"They're made of finer Swedish steel," you say hurriedly, "by the exclusive Duridium process. They whisk whiskers away quick as Brer Fox."

"Dames?" he says puzzled.

"No, SILVER STAR blades, the choice of wise and successful executives like your . . . er Father."

"Yeah, but what about Dames?" he says relentlessly.

"Women?" you say. "Glad you asked, son! . . . smart women always buy their husbands finer double-edge SILVER STARS." (in the 20-blade dispenser, 98¢).

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Oscar-winning Cinemactress **Olivia de Havilland**, 37, who once observed that a good husband should be "as placid as a millpond in July," posed for photographers in Hollywood with her new fiancé, Paris Magazine Writer **Pierre Galante**, 42, whom she plans to marry soon after her divorce from Novelist **Marcus (Delilah) Goodrich** becomes final next week.

Seventy-eight years old and still ministering to the natives of French Equatorial Africa, **Dr. Albert Schweitzer**, medical missionary-philosopher-musician, was looking to the future. In a letter of thanks (for a supply of pills) to H. B. Burns, president of the U.S. Vitamin Corp., Schweitzer wrote: "I should like to accomplish some long-undertaken and far-progressed works . . . in the realm of philosophy, history, religion and music . . . At the same time, I have to keep myself in as good shape as possible for as long a time as possible for my hospital's sake . . . It needs me for a while yet."

Of reports that he might become president of the University of Maryland, **Harry Truman** said, "There is no truth in it," added with finality. "I don't expect to be a college president." Of talk that she would run for Congresswoman from Missouri in 1954, **Margaret Truman** was "not going to as far as I know. I do hope I can take part in the campaign, but not as a candidate."

The French postal strike (see FOREIGN NEWS), which set communications in France back to the 17th century, was too much for the **Aga Khan**, who had come

to Aix-les-Bains for a peaceful fortnight. He left town in a huff (actually, in a green Rolls Royce with red leather upholstery) and headed for the 20th century in Lausanne, Switzerland, followed by his chauffeur, maid and luggage in a second car. "The Aga Khan," it was explained, "receives and sends many letters and needs to make frequent phone calls abroad."

Home to a tumultuous welcome in Papakura, New Zealand, **Sir Edmund Hillary**, co-conqueror of Mt. Everest, made all sorts of news. He announced plans to marry a New Zealand music student in September; obliged photographers by flopping his 6 ft. 3 in. into a symbolic white victory chair built on skis which admirers presented to him; and he told how he first heard of his knighthood. "We were strolling down a mountain pass about halfway to Katmandu," he said. "We had



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND & FIANCÉ In Hollywood, a new millpond.

long beards and looked extremely disreputable—in fact, like I do in Papakura. A Sherpa came along with letters, and there was one . . . addressed to 'Sir Edmund Hillary, K.B.E.' You have heard how your whole life is supposed to pass before your eyes at these times. Well, I could see myself walking down Broadway, Papakura, in my tattered overalls and the seat out of my pants, and I thought, 'That is gone forever. I will have to buy a new pair of overalls now.'"

British-born Cinemactress **Deborah Kerr**, who sluffed off the prim & proper style that Hollywood thrust on her to play a sweater girl in *From Here to Eternity*, arrived in Manhattan (to rehearse for her first play in the U.S.) with a vision of the future. "I'd like to do as much as possible while my face and figure hold up," she mused. "Then I'd like to buy a place outside Florence where I'll paint. Then one day some people will come by, and one will say, 'Do you see that elderly



Associated Press

SIR EDMUND IN VICTORY CHAIR
in Papakura, new overalls.

lady with the floppy hat? She used to be a good-looking movie star.' And the friend probably will say, 'What are movies?'"

In Apple Valley, Calif., a \$16,000 "Appreciation House" was put up in 45 hours by volunteer workers, equipped and furnished by volunteer merchants, and turned over to Jet Ace Captain **Joseph C. McConnell**, his wife and three children as a neighborly thank-you for his 106 Korean war missions and 16 MIG kills.

Vienna-born Movie Producer **Otto (The Moon Is Blue) Preminger** was asked to come to Manhattan to straighten out a little matter with his ex-wife, Marion Miller Preminger. She wants \$48,800, which she claims is due her under their 1949 separation and alimony agreements. While she endures a "virtual hand-to-mouth existence," he lives high off the hog, she charged. "It is no secret that [he and his second wife] enjoy an outstanding reputation for lavishness in entertainment . . ."

For speaking well of the Red Astrachan in an editorial on "The August Apple," the New York *Herald Tribune* got a folksy letter from a satisfied reader: Apple Fancier Mildred Austin, wife of one-time Vermont Senator and U.N. Delegate **Warren R. Austin**. "After an absence of approximately twenty-two years . . . she chatted, "we are living permanently in our Burlington, Vt. home, where my husband is able to devote much of his time to his beloved orchard, renewing daily his devotion to the United Nations in his international orchard . . . During the month of August the aroma of a deep apple pie, or a dish of warm apple sauce, made from freshly hand-picked Red Astrachans . . . is seldom out of our kitchen, adding just one more joy to life in the country—especially Vermont."



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What's the secret? Ask the Marines!

• Nylon-reinforced armor has stopped many a .45 caliber slug fired at it point blank. This same nylon strength is built right into the new Armstrong Truck Tires. All-nylon cords are floated in "live" rubber by Armstrong's exclusive process to absorb greater impact shock. With deeper, job-engineered treads that put more "live" rubber on the road—new Armstrong All-Nylons are designed to deliver the greatest mileage economy ever known—can even outlast your truck with recaps.



FOR THE SAME REASON that nylon-reinforced armor worn by the Marines in Korea has saved many a life—so the new all-nylon Armstrong Truck Tires set a new standard of strength and durability.



MILLIONS OF MILES OF PROOF! Armstrong operates the world's toughest proving ground, the Devil's Causeway! Here trucks—overloaded up to 70%—make endurance runs on all makes of tires. Month after month the proof piles up. New Armstrong All-Nylons set mileage and maintenance records never before achieved.

ARMSTRONG'S ALL-NYLON CORDS are locked in place by extra-thick insert plies. From shoulder to shoulder, and in the extra-heavy breaker strip, all-nylon cords take the blows and spare the tire. 17% more "live" rubber on the tread and sidewalls. Chemi-Bonding gives greater heat resistance, makes possible more recaps

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EDUCATION

The Quest

As an example of how far Americans will go in their quest for culture, nothing beats the Great Books tour through Europe. Sponsored by St. John's College of Annapolis, Md., it has swept its 22 travellers (including four teachers, one college dean, one school principal, three students, one librarian and assorted secretaries and housewives) through five countries, a dozen Great Books, and innumerable castles, cathedrals and birthplaces.

The idea of the tour was to read and discuss the books right on their authors' old stamping grounds—or as close to the grounds as possible. By last week everyone was feeling a trifle numb. "It's been very interesting, of course," said one traveler. "Like when we were in Florence we studied Dante and somebody else. I forgot exactly who."

The tour (cost: \$1,002 apiece) began in Rome. There, the 22 were supposed to talk about Plato under the pines of the Pincian Hill, but so many other tourists were cluttering up the place that they had to adjourn to their hotel. To get the feel of St. Augustine, they set off for a nearby monastery, only to find that women were not permitted. Nevertheless, the group persevered. They tossed off the *Confessions* and also the *Apology* huddled in their hotel. Then they were off to Florence.

They went through Dante's house and discussed the *Inferno*. Then one of the women insisted on visiting Elizabeth Barrett Browning's grave, which was not on the official agenda at all. In Ferney, on the French-Swiss border, they saw Voltaire's château and talked about *Candide*. In Augsburg, a Lutheran pastor who spoke no English gave them a lecture on the Reformation, and they tried but failed to get into the monastery where Luther once lived. Next on the list was *Faust*, but since Weimar is behind the Iron Curtain, they had to settle for Frankfurt am Main, where Goethe was born.

In Paris, after seeing Rousseau's house, they discussed his *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men*. In London, where they were scheduled to see the Old Vic perform *Hamlet*, they found that the Old Vic had just closed for the month. They "did" *Hamlet* anyway in their hotel, and somewhere along the line squeezed in Canterbury Cathedral and a lecture on Chaucer. Finally, last week, they groggily got ready to come home. What had they learned? "Tell you the truth," said one traveler, "you get so that you see everything in half a daze."

Forever Bunter

Of all the public schoolboys in Britain—not even excluding Tom Brown—none is better known or more persistent than Billy Bunter of Greyfriars. A round, owlish fellow, he is forever stealing other chaps' "tuck" (cakes, cream puffs, tarts, toffee). He is hopeless at athletics, can't seem to spell ("I wood have toled you



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"Wow! Oh! Oh, crumbs! Wow!"

myself but you wood not listen . . ."), is perpetually in a "digamma," and is constantly delivering such Bunterisms as "How sharper than a thankless child it is to have a toothless serpent."

Billy Bunter is always in trouble: he is "whopped" ("Wow! Oh! Oh, crumbs! Wow!"), smacked ("Yaroh! Ow! Wow! Ooogh! Beast! Wow!"), and "spified" unmercifully ("Ow! I say—wow! I say—oh, crikey!"). But in spite of such misadventures, Billy Bunter has managed to survive—at the same age and in the same school—for 45 years. Last week Britons were once again reading all about him in a new book called *Billy Bunter's Brain-Wave*, by Charles Hamilton.

Mostly Richards. Over the years, Author Hamilton has turned out an estimated 70 million words about Bunter and others like him. A wispy, monkish little man of 82 who wears a black skull cap and translates Horace, he has used a number of pen names: Martin Clifford, creator of Tom Merry of St. Jim's; Hilda Richards, creator of Bessie Bunter; Ralph Redway for the Rio Kid; Peter Todd for Herlock Holmes; and Owen Conquest for Jimmy Silver. But mostly, Charles Hamilton is Bunter's creator, Frank Richards. "To relatives and bankers and the inspector of taxes," says he, "I am still Charles Hamilton; to everybody else, including myself, [I am] Frank Richards."

Charles Hamilton first turned into Frank Richards in 1908, when at 37 he began publishing his Bunter stories in a halfpenny weekly called the *Magnet*. To his own astonishment, Bunter soon became a household word, and the entire British Empire seemed to take Greyfriars to its heart. It was a quiet, stiff-upper-lip sort of world where sex and politics were never mentioned, and no gentleman ever thought of tattling on another. Missionaries read about it in Malaya; traders took the *Magnet* along to Australia; soldiers snatched it up in their canteens in India. Eventually the time came when Charles Hamilton was forced to declare that Frank Richards had become a "public character." He wrote Richards' autobiography, even started a new school series with a younger Richards as the hero.

Fifty a Minute. According to the autobiography, Richards-Hamilton had "a tremendous memory. He learned the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* by heart before he was twelve." He could also recite huge chunks of Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante and Keats, could play the "immortal game" of chess in his head, learned to write at the rate of 50 words a minute. Not even his arrest in Austria as an enemy alien during World War I could keep him from his typewriter. "Military fatheads," declared Richards-Hamilton, "might come and go, but Billy Bunter went on forever."

Today Bunter's immortality seems assured. He is a constant topic of conversation at London's Old Boys' Book Club—a society of 400 greying authors, schoolmasters, actors and civil servants who collect juvenilia and have as their motto *Puer Manebit*. Billy Bunter is on TV and appears in a comic strip, and since 1947

NEW KIND OF MEN'S WEAR



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A new kind of clothes will be campus favorites this fall. They are the back-to-school clothes made of Du Pont "Orlon". Like the clothes these two college men are wearing, they come in familiar fabrics and patterns—but with some wonderful new features added.

Clothes that make proper use of "Orlon" keep their press and shape longer, even in damp weather. "Orlon" acrylic fiber adds a luxurious softness to flannels and tweeds, yet cuts down on their upkeep. It makes clothes light in weight yet warm and comfortable. And it makes them better travelers, too—when they are unpacked and put on a hanger, most wrinkles disappear.

This fall, for the first time, there is a wide choice of back-to-school clothes made of "Orlon"—suits, slacks, jackets, topcoats, sport shirts, dress shirts, sweaters, socks, ties and underwear. Shop early while the selection is still complete.

"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber



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Isn't it time you show that boy of yours how to handle a gun? Probably time, too, you both experienced the close companionship that exists between father and son in the field. Let's go... let's go this weekend! When you go, take along a Winchester Model 42 shotgun. This perfectly-balanced, light and easily-handled, 410-gauge shotgun combines all the World-Famous Winchester features. Make the most of your days together...

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the twelve volumes about him have sold 180,000 copies.

Toffees to Stickers. In spite of wars and depressions, he and his schoolmates go right on talking their 50-year-old slang (running is "cutting"; a bicycle is a "jigger"; spectacles are "gig lamps"; toffees are "stickers"; a cad is a "tuck"; and whooping lies are "crammers"). In 45 years not one of them has grown a day older or changed one jot. Quelch is still the stern master of the remove or lower fourth form; "Mossoo" Charpentier is still the excitable French teacher; young Loder is still the rotter of the sixth. The captain of the school is still "Good Old Wingate," who always manages to kick the winning goal ("Ain't he a nut? Ain't he a prize-packet? Ain't he the jolly old goods, and then some? Ain't he a Briton? Good old Wingate!").

In his neat, little Kent cottage, where he lives with an aging cat, Charles Hamilton-Frank Richards allows no criticism of either Billy Bunter or Greyfriars. Once when the late George Orwell, in a solemn essay, accused Richards of being snobbish, Hamilton snapped back: "It is an actual fact that, in this country at least, noblemen generally are better fellows than commoners." To the criticism that he makes all his foreigners "funny," he replied: "I must shock Mr. Orwell by telling him that foreigners are funny." Once a friend asked him: "Don't you ever think of doing anything better?" Stroking his cat and blinking myopically, Charles Hamilton gave a typical Frank Richards reply. "No," said he, "you see, there isn't anything better."

Report Card

After querying 1,400 of its students, the University of Illinois answered an old question: How much does a year at college cost? The answer: from \$844 for men who live in cooperative houses to \$1,378 for those who live in fraternity houses; from \$913 to \$1,316 for coeds.

After eleven years of dishing up college courses for G.I.s, the U.S. Armed Forces Institute (USAIFI) ran into a mutiny: 16 major universities out of 46 campuses affiliated with USAIFI flatly refused to sign the 1954 contract. The offending clause, which the 16 felt was an invitation to federal control of American education: "The contractor will not employ or retain for the performance of services under this contract such persons as are disapproved by the Government." Among the universities pulling out: Michigan, California, Illinois, North Carolina, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

On its own initiative, Wayne University's top faculty council drew up a precedent-shattering ruling: any teacher, it said, who refuses to answer the questions of a congressional investigating committee will be promptly suspended or fired. Said President Clarence Hilberry: "If this policy statement had come from the administrators of Wayne University, it would mean little. But since it comes from the faculty's own council, it has tremendous importance."

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 This sign stands for the "monad", Northern Pacific's trademark. Although it's not a regular trainman's signal, since 1893 it has been the symbol of dependable, ever-improving rail service to and from 596 towns and cities along Main Street of the Northwest. Keep your eye on NP for progress!

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The Heart of the Atom

It seemed that the atom—already split, measured, analyzed, and prodded by great machines—had few secrets left. Scientists were almost agreed that the atomic nucleus (one-trillionth the size of an atom) is a solid sphere. Now Stanford University Physicist Robert Hofstadter and his assistants have examined the nucleus and found more space in the atom's heart than anyone had guessed.

The Stanford scientists made their find with the most powerful "microscope" known to science. Its "eyepiece" is a 2½-ton magnet, its light source a giant accelerator that spews electrons in a thin stream. Fired at sheets of metal foil, the electrons whip through the metallic nuclei where they are shoved and twisted by faint electrical fields. In the huge eyepiece, the scattered electrons are counted, their new paths traced. All their measurements told the Hofstadter team that though the center of the nucleus is 130 trillion times denser than water, its edge thins down to cottony fluff.

New nuclear theories must be developed to explain Hofstadter's discoveries. But he looks forward to probing still deeper into the atom. He is building a 25-ton magnet for a new eyepiece and plans a still bigger one. He and his assistants are experimenting with the university's new accelerator that should soon be splitting electrons at the highest speed ever reached: 186,000 miles a second, only a fraction slower than the speed of light. With his new microscope, which will put the atomic nucleus in even sharper focus, Hofstadter may well probe to the innermost limits of matter.

Life on Mars

Ever since Galileo stuck a couple of lenses in a length of pipe and got a glimpse of the solar system, scientists and storytellers have worked overtime peopling the outer universe with living creatures. It is high time, says Dr. Hubertus Strughold of the U.S. Air Force School of Aviation Medicine, "to raise the question of life on other planets to the biological plane where it belongs

In a new book, *The Green and Red Planet* (University of New Mexico Press; \$4), Dr. Strughold raises the question with restraint. Mercury, he says, is far too hot to bother with. From Jupiter to Pluto, the other planets are frozen stiff. Only Mars and Venus could support life. But the little that astronomers can see suggests that the Venusian atmosphere has neither oxygen nor water. Mars alone is worth investigating.

The Martian atmosphere also seems to lack oxygen. This fact alone, says the careful physiologist, rules out all higher forms of life—as earthlings understand life. Warm-blooded "little men from Mars," therefore, will probably never try to invade New Jersey. But Martian plant life (e.g., mosses and lichens that can manufacture their own oxygen) is entirely possible. From this distance, there is not much more to be learned about the far-off planet that looks pale red to the naked eye. If rocket riders ever get to Mars, says Dr. Strughold, the first explorer to return will be able to report "whether he finds an exotic vista of living things, burgeoning luxuriously by processes unknown to us, or a simple prospect of humble lichens, reviving and declining with the seasons"

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Smooth handling! Much faster classification of cars! The Milwaukee Road now has two of these mechanical wonders—the first fully automatic pushbutton yards. One has been expediting freight at Milwaukee for a year. The second, now going into operation at Bensenville, near Chicago, is quickening the Milwaukee's freight movement into, out of and through this rail nerve center of the nation.

These modern facilities phenomenally reduce car time in yards, cut loss and damage, speed up deliveries from yard to consignee and expedite movement over the line. Out in front—that's the progressive Milwaukee! Call your nearest Milwaukee Road agent today.

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RELIGION

Catholic Marriage

When the dissolution of a Roman Catholic marriage hits the front pages, non-Catholics are often lost in a maze of civil and church legalities. Last week's case in point was the broken union of Sloan and Bill O'Dwyer, and it provided a good capsule course in Catholic marriage law.

In 1948, when the 32-year-old model caught the smiling Irish eye of the 58-year-old mayor of New York, they had both been married before. Mayor William O'Dwyer was two years a widower. In 1938, Texas-born, convert-bred Sloan Simpson had married an insurance executive named Carroll Dewey Hipp, a Protestant, in a civil ceremony, was divorced from him five years later. The Archdiocese of New York granted her a "declaration of free state," permitting her to marry again. Catholics are not recognized by the church as married unless they have had a Catholic wedding (though for non-Catholics the church holds a civil marriage to be binding). So, in 1949, Sloan Simpson and Bill O'Dwyer were duly married at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church in Stuart, Fla.

The Three Separations. Last January, after the Republican victory had brought an end to Democrat O'Dwyer's ambassadorship to Mexico, he announced that Mexico's Archbishop Luis Maria Martinez had granted him and Sloan a "temporary separation."

Temporary separation is the mildest of the three methods by which the Catholic Church may part a Catholic couple. It may be granted by a bishop on any grounds considered injurious to the bodily, mental or spiritual health of one of the partners, and merely frees the injured partner of the obligation of cohabitation.



Brown Brothers: Publifoto
ST. CLARE; CELEBRATION AT ASSISI (SEATED CENTER: CLEMENTE CARDINAL MICARA)

After a holy plot, a lifetime of consecration.

Temporary separations may last a lifetime. "Permanent" separations are granted only on the ground of uncondoned adultery on the part of one partner in the marriage. Neither a temporary nor a permanent separation permits remarriage.

The third and rarest form of canonical separation is annulment—the church's finding that no true marriage ever existed. Annulments are granted through a system of three ecclesiastical courts, the highest of which is the Rota in Rome, and for the following principal reasons: impotence, consanguinity, force and fear. During 1952 the Rota granted only 74 annulments out of 188 applications.

Mortal Sin? Mexico's Archbishop Martinez indicated that the case of Sloan and Bill O'Dwyer was under study and might lead to a permanent separation or annulment. But Sloan was not content to wait. Last week it was disclosed that she had sued her husband in a Mexican civil court last February on the ground of mental cruelty. Said her petition: "The irascible character of my husband, which in time led to almost continual threats and insults, is the cause of all our trouble."

Last week, while Sloan was vacationing in Spain at the ranch of wealthy Banker Pedro Gandarias, O'Dwyer said in Mexico City that as a Catholic he could not recognize the civil action. Sloan said that she had hoped a church annulment would come through simultaneously with a civil divorce: she indicated that she had no intention of remarrying without one. On the advice of church authorities, she is planning to return to Mexico to be interrogated by an ecclesiastical council.

Brother Francis' Little Plant

Clare Scif was wellborn. Her father was the Count of Sasso-Rosso, the wealthy scion of an ancient Roman family, who owned a sizable palace at Assisi and a castle on Mt. Subasio. Clare was beautiful, with long golden hair, and it was not surprising that when she was 15 a most eligible young man asked for her hand in marriage. But Clare said no; she wished

to consecrate herself to God. Her parents hoped she would grow out of it.

The Back Door, at Night. In 1212, when Clare was about 18, a strange and pious youth named Francis, the son of Assisi's rich cloth merchant, came to preach a Lenten course of sermons in the church of San Giorgio. In young Francis who had dedicated himself to God and poverty, Clare knew at once that she had found the inspiration of her life. She appealed to him to help her leave the worldly world, as he had done. Together the two future saints concocted a holy plot. On Palm Sunday she appeared in church with her mother and sisters: the people of Assisi had never seen the fair-haired Clare so beautiful or so finely dressed. They never saw her again. Late the next night she stole from her father's palace by a back door and made her way to Francis and his devout followers, who met her with torches.

Then, before the image of the Virgin in a little chapel, Clare exchanged her bright dress for a rough wool robe, her jeweled belt for a knotted rope, her high headdress for a black veil. Francis himself dropped off her golden hair.

Three years later Sister Clare was abbess of an order of nuns in the old 8th century Church of San Damiano, which Francis had rebuilt, largely with his own hands. For the 38 years that remained to her, Clare never left those walls, while the order she founded spread all over Italy and France. As with the Franciscans, poverty is the cornerstone of the "Poor Clares": they may not even hold property in common, but depend on begging.

Storm Against the Saracens. St. Francis died in 1226, in his early 40s, but Clare lived on to be almost 60, subsisting most of the time on an ounce and a half of bread a day, serving her sisters at table and nursing them in sickness, praying late into the night and rising early to ring the bell for Mass. Twice she is said to have saved Assisi from invading armies. In 1234, when the Saracen soldiers of Frederick II scaled the walls of San Damiano by night, Clare confronted them in an



O'DWYER & BRIDE AT FLORIDA WEDDING
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HEADQUARTERS: DETROIT, MICHIGAN

open window holding the Sacrament. The soldiers fled. Later a larger force returned, and Clare led her sisters in prayer. Suddenly a huge storm arose that scattered the tents of the enemy, who once again fled in panic.

Last week Assisi celebrated the 700th anniversary of St. Clare's death. Pilgrims and dignitaries from all over the world poured into the little Umbrian town for two days of special services and speeches. In the triumphant procession that climaxed the celebration, behind long lines of tonsured friars and bundled nuns, five relics of the saint were borne; a ball of yarn she had spun, a chip of her bones, a skein of hair cut off by St. Francis, her brown mantle, and the rough tunic she wore.

But none of this was seen by the Poor Clares. Like their 12,000-odd sisters throughout the world, the 47 Poor Clares of Assisi spent these days in their cloister with no sight of the world but the sky above them, praying, working, singing and fasting, to be worthy of being what their founder liked to call herself: Brother Francis' Little Plant.

Niebuhr's "Confession"

Into the crossfire of controversy over Communism among the U.S. clergy jumped Protestant Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr this week. "It must be affirmed that there have never been many explicit Stalinists in the churches," Niebuhr writes in the *Christian Century*, "and today their number is . . . insignificant . . . Nevertheless, there are a few and we ought to admit it . . ."

Niebuhr condemns the "hysterical labors of the vigilantes" and believes that "the matter is beyond the competence or interest of a congressional investigation committee." But "while we deal with these issues among ourselves," he feels it should be admitted that there has been "a very considerable Marxist dogmatism in the 'liberal' wing of the Protestant churches." Niebuhr says that he and others used some Marxist doctrines as weapons against the smug, optimistic, individualistic form of Christianity the U.S. had inherited from the 19th century, and against certain economic injustices that happened under capitalism. But, he now acknowledges, "those of us who were critical of capitalism were . . . too uncritical of the Marxist alternative." This was true, says Niebuhr, even of those who "rejected the Communist version of Marxism" and sought "democratic Marxism." Niebuhr is "ready to confess to his complicity in these errors," but is still against "the ridiculous dogma of *laissez faire*."

Niebuhr attacks the frequent clerical fallacy that under socialism "motives of service" would supplant the "profit motive." That idea "invested a collectivist system with a moral sanction it did not deserve . . . The so-called 'profit motive' can hardly be eliminated under any system . . . Every parson who speaks grandly about supplanting [it] exemplifies it when he moves to a new charge because the old one did not give him . . . a salary adequate for his growing family."

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Standard, Overdrive* or Hydra-Matic® drives, plus new—lowest cost—Kaiser Power Steering*

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“Can the Traffic Department Deliver Rain?”

One of this company's manufacturing
plants was about to shut down
because its reservoir was dry.

It isn't the kind of thing you would ordinarily refer to Traffic, but the V. P. in charge of the manufacturing division had seen how his company's traffic people could rise to an emergency.

Within a few hours the Traffic Department had the latest technical data on rain making. It had located a source of supply for dry ice pellets, and a charter plane operator who would undertake the job.

It also came up with an alternate plan: Instead of seeding the clouds, how about hauling in water by tank cars as long as the emergency lasts? All things considered, this seemed the more practical solution and the plant kept running on rail-delivered “rainfall.”

Again a resourceful Traffic Department had found a simple way out of a serious difficulty. But the Traffic Department can solve such problems only if it knows about them. And it is sure to know about them only if its head sits in on management-level discussions. In all too many organizations the Traffic Manager is still restricted in his usefulness by an old-fashioned conception of his job.

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million American families who daily enjoy the benefits of electric garbage disposers. Progressive builder Burns' selection of WASTE KINGS sets a new standard of sanitation and convenience for thousands more homes and food serving establishments. There are WASTE KING *Pulverator* models for homes, restaurants, schools, hospitals, and industry. Given Mfg. Co., Los Angeles. Largest producer of garbage disposers in the world. (*T.M. Reg.)



No Horns, No Beard

Since 1950, the A.F.L. has been spending around \$500,000 a year to send the angry voice of Mutual Commentator Frank Edwards into U.S. living rooms. Last week C.I.O. President Walter Reuther, back from six weeks in Europe, announced that, beginning Labor Day, the C.I.O. will have a radio voice of its own: Author-Commentator John W. Vandercook, signed up for 52 weeks, five nights a week, over ABC.

Although the C.I.O., like the A.F.L., has sponsored occasional radio shows to plump for favored candidates or to berate certain legislation, its Vandercook program (annual cost: some \$500,000; stations signed: 128) will be its first big-time use

boys." Vandercook (who will be on ABC's payroll) expects to deliver a quiet "expository commentary" without a heavy pro-labor slant. "He seemed in the liberal tradition we liked," said a C.I.O. man. "That was good enough for us."

The C.I.O. expects to use its commercial time to play down its reputation as the brash young giant of U.S. labor. In line with this subdued pitch, some C.I.O. leaders began looking askance at Vandercook's black Vandyke beard, which he has worn ever since hiking 600 miles through the Cameroons 25 years ago. Was it possible that he would look too much like a "character" to listeners? Vandercook rose voluntarily to the occasion: last week in a Manhattan hotel room, he sadly shaved off his beard.

Television Symphony

Closed-circuit television, which has already flashed a few big fights (Walcott v. Marciano) and the Metropolitan Opera (*Carmen*) on certain U.S. movie screens, will try symphonic music next January. In the first of five monthly closed-circuit productions, a regular concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be televised for theater-TV.

Manhattan's new Stadium Television Network, which has already lined up some 50 theaters coast to coast for the series, will sell subscriptions to the concerts for less than \$10. The concerts will probably be screened on slow Monday nights, and a theater owner may pull out of the deal if half the house is not sold in advance. If the plan works, other top U.S. symphony orchestras will be signed up for alternating telecasts once a week, thus offering music lovers the next best thing to actually sitting in the nation's great concert halls.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 21. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Thoreau's *Walden* discussed by Critic Sterling North and others.

The Railroad Hour (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Gordon MacRae and Dorothy Warenkjold in *Hope Is a Woman*.

Literary Greats (Tues. 8:45 p.m., ABC). Tennessee Williams reads excerpts from his *The Glass Menagerie*.

When I Come Home (Tues. 10:35 p.m., CBS). A prisoner of war's return to Massachusetts.

TELEVISION

Assignment: Tomorrow (Sun., 7 p.m., NBC). An hour of film clips of big events (some of the stars: Churchill, Truman, Stevenson, Bernard Shaw) for the eighth anniversary of NBC's television news.

At Issue (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). Target: U.N. Assembly President Lester Pearson.

Studio One Summer Theater (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). A play based on Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed*.

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Pall Mall is Finer

Compare PALL MALL with any long cigarette. PALL MALL's fine tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy and fine tobacco is its own best filter for sweeter, smoother smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PALL MALL.



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Outstanding... and they are mild!

ART

Successful Screwball

Argentina's most famous artist is Benito Quinquela Martin, a painter who behaves much like a kid left alone in a room with several cans of paint. He believes in using all sorts of colors, the louder the better. He also thinks that his art should not be confined to canvas rectangles: he likes to paint almost anything in reach.

Last week Buenos Aires' usually subdued Witcomb Gallery was abuzz with crowds who came to see Quinquela's new show, his first in ten years. On opening day alone, 10,000 people came. The 60 oils looked very much like all his others. Quinquela used to hustle coal on the docks when he was a youngster, and his technique shows it: he heaves the paint onto the canvas, using a trowel (slightly trimmed in size) instead of a brush.

As usual, the critics panned him, but that did not worry Quinquela, who has sold all the pictures he ever painted. In the first eleven days of the show, 15 pictures were sold at about \$1,500 apiece. All of them were bold scenes from La Boca, Buenos Aires' wretched port district, where Quinquela grew up and still lives. On the canvases, he has transformed its rusty tramp steamers into gay red and green fleets, its waterfront toughs into noble-looking heroes.

Off the canvas, too, Quinquela has always tried to transform La Boca, along with the rest of his city. A foundling raised by a dockworker, Quinquela started to draw with charcoal before he could read or write, sold his first paintings for five pesos each. Eventually, he earned enough money to buy a half-acre plot, donated it to the government on condition that it build a school there. He filled the school with gay murals, painted doors, benches and tables in gaudy circus colors, even did the blackboards in pink and blue.

By 1947, he got tired of La Boca's all-pervading drabness, hired a crew of house



Ilse Mayer

QUINQUELA MARTÍN
Paint should not be confined to canvas.

painters to brighten the Boquenses' homes. Quinquela and his men started to paint the town red—and also blue, green, yellow and orange. When La Boca merrily proclaimed itself an independent republic some years ago, Quinquela took the title of its "Rearrest Admiral." He still occasionally wears a blue admiral's uniform with gold screws for buttons, signifying his allegiance to the Order of the Screw which he founded (current membership: 150). Explains Quinquela: "I long ago discovered that anyone worth a damn, anyone with sensitivity, is usually missing a screw or two."

For years, Quinquela tried to persuade the city government to let him repaint Buenos Aires' aluminum-draped trolleys and buses. Finally the city let him do one bus

in pink, red, green and blue. He has been less successful in his campaign against black coffins, especially for artists, despite a telling argument: "Why should we who owe our very bread to color go to our graves in black boxes?" In his will, Colorist Quinquela has ordered that his own coffin be soft pink inside, with blue top, vermilion ends and green sides.

Gubernatorial Show

* In the office of New Mexico's governor one day this week, picture hangers were hard at work. Under the supervision of Dr. Reginald Fisher, art director of Santa Fe's Museum of New Mexico, they carefully placed 14 paintings on the walls of the governor's private office and its anteroom. Next morning, when Governor Edwin Mechem and his staff arrived, everybody had a good look and a lively discussion.

Art came to the governor's bare, functional suite because Mechem wanted to show off New Mexico's painters. Mechem laid down only two restrictions: nothing too extreme or experimental, nothing that would offend good taste. Fisher hung his first exhibit in the governor's office in January 1951, has put in a new set of pictures about every three or four months since. The current show includes work by New Mexico's well-known Peter Hurd, who contributed *Ranch near Encino*, a typical vast, sweeping Hurd landscape. But it also has works by less famed painters, and in some of their pictures New Mexico comes to life with surprising sharpness. Among the standouts: Ernest Blumenchein's *Downtown Albuquerque*, a view of rooftops and buildings from a hotel window; Kenneth Barrick's *Motherless Child*, a dimly glimpsed *bracero* woman carrying a child through a sandstorm.

The governor's rotating show got a lot of New Mexicans interested in art, including Ed Mechem. He bought three works himself. Says Museum Director Fisher enthusiastically: "He used to like strictly realistic stuff, Indians and cowboys. Now he even likes abstraction."

PUBLIC FAVORITES (30)



MONET

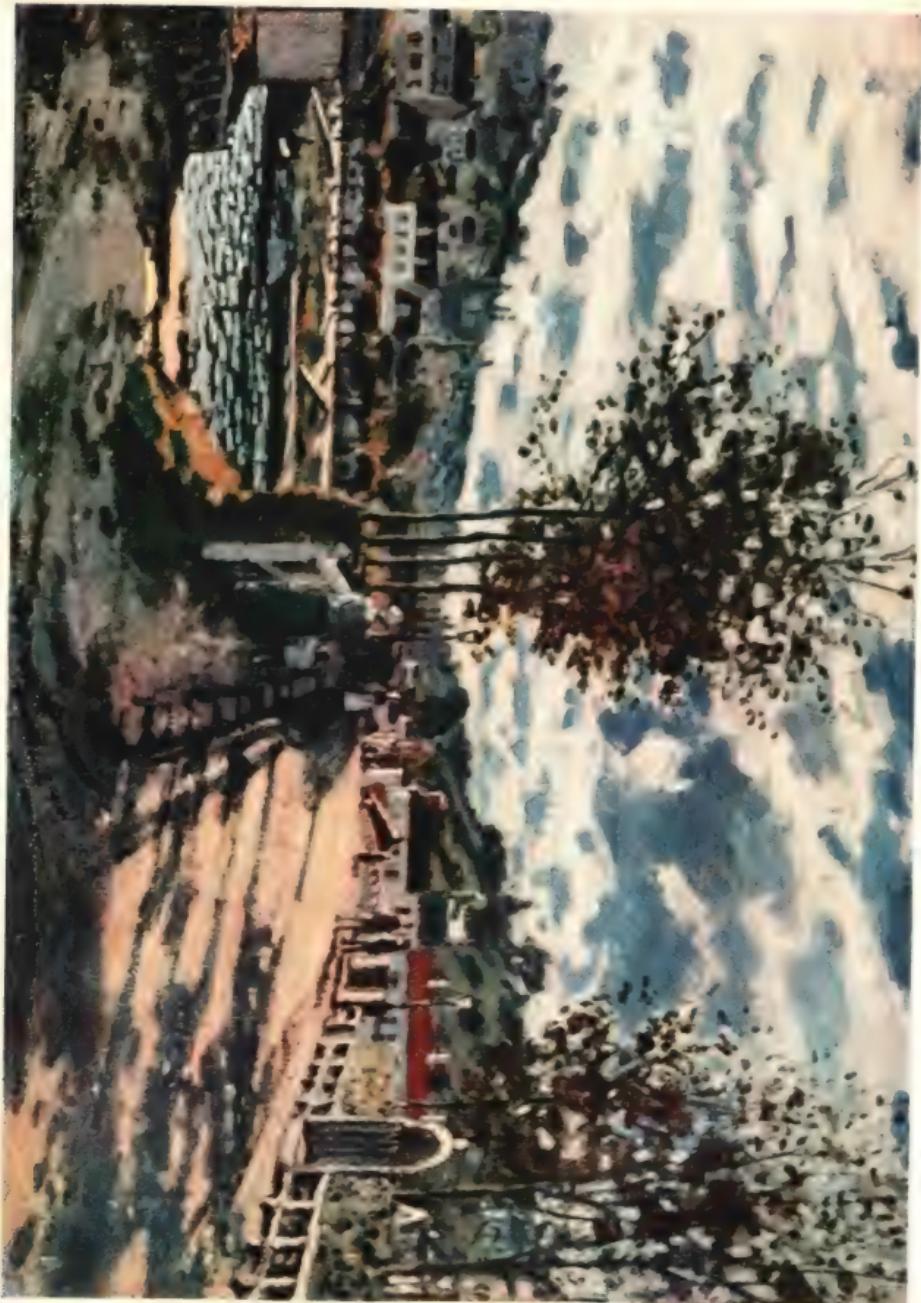
THE Currier Gallery of Art, in Manchester, N.H., is a proud little sister to the nation's great metropolitan museums. Since it cannot approach them in size, it tries to rival them in quality. The public favorite at the gallery is a masterpiece of the aristiest sort: Claude Monet's dappled evocation of a vacation on the Seine (*opposite*).

Monet probably painted the picture in 1866, when he was a young man and a failure, living in abject poverty and painting in perfect joy. Renoir used to drop in at Bougival with a loaf of bread to keep Monet going. Five years later, Monet and his friends—Renoir, Pissarro and Sisley, among others—staged a group show of their work that the French public greeted with howls of scorn. One critic had dubbed the bunch Impressionists after the title of a Monet painting: *Impression—Rising Sun*.

A newspaper reported that "yesterday a poor soul was arrested in the Rue Le Peletier who, after having seen the exhibition, was biting the passers-by."

Today it is almost impossible to see why these pictures should have enraged anyone. The Monet at the Currier Gallery is a placid, solid landscape, rifled by a hurrying breeze. True, its chief tone is not the staid brown beloved by the academicians at the time, but it is a hardly less respectable grey. Wet grey holds white sunlight and brown, peach and lavender earth together. It is the kind of picture that inspires conservative amateurs, such as Winston Churchill, to their happy dabblings.

At 40, Monet began to go from his lovely and unprofitable beginnings to a fanatical and highly lucrative exploration of Impressionism's end: the picturing of daylight, like a spangled web swathed about the world. With worldly success, he lost the almost Flemish reticence that gives *The Seine at Bougival* half its charm. Long before his death in 1926, the old man's gilded haystacks and mauve cathedrals became dated. But among the rich and often raw liqueurs of modern painting, his best work is still as refreshing as a long glass of sodawater, iced.



CLAUDE MONET'S "THE SEINE AT BOUGIVAL"

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Now Ask The Man Who Owns One



19TH CENTURY AMERICAN WOMEN (AT SUFFRAGETTES MEETING IN WASHINGTON)
After flirting, spooning, larking and sparkling, an inevitable reaction.

5,940 Women

[See Cover]

Four men collected the information, traveling across the U.S. for 15 years with the patient persistence of secret agents. They tried to be inconspicuous; they knew that they might be misunderstood. They sought recruits in homes and prisons, saloons and parish houses, burlesque theaters and offices, then interrogated them in private. They took notes in a code which was nowhere written down, and preserved only in the memories of the four. They never traveled together, lest an accident wipe out their secret with them. Coded and catalogued, the facts were locked away, and the book written from them printed in utmost secrecy. Last week presses clattered, turning out pages that were scrupulously counted to make sure that none got away before publication date (Sept. 14).

The subject of this vast inquiry has been a major activity of the human race since Adam & Eve, and yet a lot of people still consider it highly classified. The book: *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, by Alfred C. Kinsey and the staff of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Its chief author calls it simply "the female volume," and writes this "♀ vol." using the scientist's universal symbol, the mirror of Venus, for the female. For the male he uses ♂, the arrow of Mars.

Some of the hush-hush surrounding the book seemed justified. Dr. Kinsey knew, he said, of five other books trying to beat his to the bookstores; one had been in type for months, with blanks to be filled in with Kinsey's figures as soon as they could be obtained. Besides, the suspenseful buildup was excellent publicity. The publishers (Philadelphia's W. B. Saunders Co.) were counting on a sure bestseller: they had ordered a first printing of 250,-

MEDICINE

oo for the 842-page, \$8 tome, were certain that the public was breathless to learn what Kinsey had discovered about the American Woman.

How Sound Are the Figures? Less than six years ago, Kinsey & Co. had brought out *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, first of a projected nine- or ten-volume series of sex studies. It was cluttered with statistical furniture and dull, technical writing; Saunders, a staid old medical publishing house, thought it would be doing well to sell 5,000 copies. By now, the first Kinsey report has sold 250,000 copies in the U.S. and Canada, plus thousands in six translations. It outraged many moralists, infuriated not a few scientists who questioned its reliability, and was a boon to radio comedians, who found that Kinsey's name had become an acceptable synonym for sex. One spinster snapped back at Kinsey that his elaborate study only confirmed what she had known all along—that "the male population is a herd of prancing, leering goats."

More serious critics took issue with the Kinsey method itself, and many of the faults found with the male report also apply to the female. Kinsey's findings are based on small samples which do not represent a fair cross section of the U.S. They are made up of 5,300 white males and of 5,940 white females. Since all of them volunteered their information, and Kinsey takes his volunteers where he can find them, the subjects are not evenly distributed geographically—most come from the northeastern states, Illinois, Florida and California. They are more highly educated than the U.S. as a whole—61% of Kinsey's male subjects went to college (national average: 15%) and 75% of the women (national average: 13%). The 37% of U.S. women who do not go be-

yond grade school are represented by only 3% in Kinsey's sample.* Some religious groups, notably devout Roman Catholics and orthodox Jews, are underrepresented.

Furthermore, critics point out, the statistical yardstick may be technically accurate but misleading: if 50% of U.S. husbands commit adultery at some time in their lives, this does not mean that 50% of them are habitual adulterers—many may slip only once, or only during a long absence from home (e.g., on military service overseas).

Kinsey has admitted many of the limitations of his sampling, has labeled his reports preliminary; he hopes to improve on them later. In this volume he no longer tries to apply his findings to the whole U.S. And in the fine print of his statistical tables he separates the one-time errant from the long-term philanderer. But the first-glance effect of many Kinsey figures remains misleading.

The Key Findings. From what he has learned, within these limitations, Kinsey is convinced that a sexual revolution has taken place in the U.S. in the last 30 years, with women's behavior changed even more sharply than men's. His key findings about U.S. women

¶ They are by no means as frigid as they have been made out, and their sex lives often become more satisfactory with age.

¶ Almost exactly 50% have sexual intercourse before marriage. (compared to 81% in 1920)

* The female sample excludes Negroes because Kinsey had too few of their histories; it excludes women in prison because their stories differed too widely from women in ordinary life. Included are females aged 2 to 90 (little girls apparently sexual responses were reported by adults); from a wide variety of social, economic, and cultural backgrounds. Sample occupations: acrobat, archeologist, auditor, barmaid, chemist, dentist, dice girl, governess, laundress, lawyer, missionary, politician, puppeteer, probation officer, prostitute, riveter, robber, social worker, soda jerker, teacher, typist, U.N. delegate, Waitress.



KINSEY & FRIENDS AT MUSICALE
On Sundays, an exacting ritual.

Arthur Siegel

of U.S. men, as reported in Kinsey's first volume).

¶ About 26% have extramarital relations (compared to 50% of the males).

¶ Ancient and modern myths which have pictured women as practicing fantastic secret perversions have little basis in fact. These aberrations are far commoner among the men, and the myths represent "the male's wishful thinking, a projection of his own desire . . .".

The Big Change. The Gibson Girl of half a century ago, whaleboned into an hourglass shape, almost never heard the word "sex." It was a relatively new scientific term, to be distinguished from "love," which was too idealized, and "lust," which was too blunt.

Probably the Gibson Girl never heard of "petting" either, but if she was a late model (born in the 1890s and therefore included in Kinsey's sample) the chances are four out of five that she indulged in it under another name. Says Kinsey: "Many consider petting an invention of modern American youth—the byproduct of an effete and morally degenerate . . . culture. It is taken by some to reflect the sort of moral bankruptcy which must lead to the collapse of any civilization. Older generations did, however, engage in flirting, flirrage, courting, bundling, spooning, smooching, larking, sparkling . . .". But the late Gibson Girls rarely went further. If their testimony to Kinsey held back nothing, only one out of seven unmarried women born in the '90s had sexual intercourse by age 25, though the proportion jumped to two out of five by age 40.

Once married, there was a four-to-one chance that the girl who had been raised under Queen Victoria's long shadow would remain faithful to her husband, no matter how often he might be unfaithful to her. The double standard was still secure.

Then came the big change. It happened, according to Kinsey's fig-

ures, around the end of World War I. The causes were various. Kinsey cites the writings of Havelock Ellis, one of the first scientists to combine psychology and biology, and Sigmund Freud, who put the spotlight on sex as a cause of human behavior. Of more immediate effect on the U.S. was the draft Army, which threw together men from all walks of life and exposed 2,000,000 of them, overseas, to standards more sophisticated than their own. When they came home, they found U.S. women largely emancipated and close to winning the vote. There were other causes to which Kinsey pays little or no heed. One was Prohibition, which helped destroy respect for law and, indirectly, for all authority (and which also taught women to drink). Another was the widespread breakdown of formal religion. Perhaps at the root of all the causes was the inevitable reaction against the prim Victorian era, which itself was not nearly so safe & sound as it appeared. For beneath its placid surface, a social and intellectual revolution had long been rumbling, which enshrined science and progress as twin gods and established a view of man as a creature governed more by "environment" than by pre-ordained morality.

By the mid-1920s, the new century seemed to be talking (and worrying) more about sex than previous ages. "Frankness" became a respectable pose for cocktail parties, parent-teachers' meetings and literature. The novelists—Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, and later Erskine Caldwell and Faulkner—were bluntly detailed, and behind them stood the anthropologists and psychoanalysts with their case histories. But the generation still had no Kinsey. It was left to him to clothe the subject in the sober, convincing, guaranteed-to-be-scientific garb of statistics.

Frigidity. When the Gibson Girls' daughters arrived on the scene, cloche-hatted flappers, short-skirted and prat-

tling about repressions, this is what happened to the sex lives of U.S. women, according to Kinsey.

The number of women who went in for petting jumped to 91% among those born in the first decade of the century, and to 96% among their kid sisters and their daughters. The proportion of those who would carry petting, as Kinsey puts it, "to the point of orgasm" rose from one-fourth to more than half.

Among women born in the early 1900s, intercourse before marriage was twice as frequent as among those born in the '90s. More than one out of three lost their virginity by age 25, and three out of five, if they were still unmarried at 40.

These more daring women of the restless generation enjoyed marriage more. Kinsey takes sharp issue with psychiatrists and a few gynecologists who have estimated that anywhere from one-third to two-thirds of U.S. women are frigid. Even during the first year of marriage, when the most drastic adjustments have to be made, three wives out of four reach complete fulfillment at least once. Between the ages of 21 and 40 they attain it from 84% to 96% of the time. In sum says Kinsey, about three-quarters of all sexual relations within marriage end in a satisfactory climax for the wife. However, he reports no case of a woman who attained climax 100% of the time.

Most women born before 1900 had enjoyed no such fulfillment. Many of them, according to Kinsey, did not know that it was possible for a woman to have an orgasm, and if they did know they thought it was "not nice." Now, says Kinsey, who puts great stock in quantitative analysis: "To have frigidity so reduced in the course of four decades is . . . a considerable achievement which may be credited, in part, to the franker attitudes and the free discussion of sex which we have had in the U.S. during the past . . . years."



MRS. KINSEY
At night, hardly a glimpse of "Prok."

Arthur Siegel

Dr. KINSEY of BLOOMINGTON

AS the sturdy man wearing an unpressed suit and scuffed loafers strides determinedly across the Indiana University campus, students will nudge newcomer and remark: "That's Dr. Kinsey." Beyond such modest attention, Kinsey has caused less stir in the college town of Bloomington (pop. 28,163) than almost anywhere else in the U.S.

Bloomingtonians repeat the usual Kinsey jokes. Residents driving east on First Street point out the Kinseys' brick house (which he designed) behind a riotous growth of trees and shrubs (which he planted). Friends know him by a nickname—"Prok," a contraction of Prof. K. But on shopping streets around the town square, Dr. Kinsey passes unidentified and unnoticed.

Kinsey is a friendly man with a passionate interest in people. Says Actress Cornelia Otis Skinner (whom he interviewed as part of his "female sample"): "He has the skill of a great actor in drawing you into what he is doing. He attracts you like a magnet. You forget all your fears and have complete confidence in him." But lately, as the weight of work has increased, Kinsey has become almost a recluse. He sees less and less of his old faculty friends, though most of them still like him. He can be impatient and cutting. His attacks on scientists in other fields border on arrogance.

Kinsey works 14 or more hours six days a week, and most of Sundays. An insomniac, he will often work in the middle of a sleepless night. He is compulsive about keeping appointments on the dot. He does not know how to relax. He can delegate little work, though his heart has begun to protest and doctors have warned him that he must rest. This summer he subjected himself to tremendous strain by personally handling his elaborate press relations—with results that a professional pressagent might envy. Though he decries publicity for himself, he wants it for his work.

Kinsey married Clara Bracken McMillen in 1921, when she was a graduate student in chemistry and he a young assistant professor of zoology at Indiana. Prok and Mac, as he calls her, have raised three children (a boy died in infancy): Anne, 30, married to Warren Corning of Chicago; Joan, 28, married to Dr. Robert Reid of Columbus, Ind. and Bruce, 24, a graduate business student at Indiana U. Mrs. Kinsey, a wiry, tweedy woman with neat black hair, now graying slightly, has gladly subordinated her life to her husband's career. As she once innocently expressed it: "I never ever see Prok at night any more since he took up sex." Mac used to enjoy hiking with him and sharing in his field work; nowadays she leads weekly hikes for a rugged band of faculty wives while he is busy with his statistics.

Kinsey's only concession to the social amenities is to hold Sunday-evening concession record recitals. But he is no relaxed amateur. He is a relentless musicologist, and his soirees are an exacting ritual. He plans a carefully balanced program and gathers material for commentary. Guests arrive on the stroke of 8 and are seated in a hieratic U pattern with the high-fidelity player and the master's chair at the open end of the U. All talk is hushed as Kinsey picks up the first record and announces why he thinks it worth playing. The ladies may knit with muted needles, but there is not another sound until the record is ended. While the music is on, Kinsey eyes his guests to see whether they catch the nuances of a fine performance. Between numbers, and at a sherbet and cake intermission, there is no idle chatter—only the point-counterpoint of lofty criticism. When the last piece has been played, the guests rise as one, thank the Kinseys for a lovely evening, and leave in a body.

Among Bloomington's music lovers it is an honor to be invited to a Kinsey soiree. But some have stopped going because the emotional undertones in Kinsey's intensity

made them uncomfortable. Though he drinks and smokes only rarely, to put others at their ease, Kinsey makes an equally elaborate ritual of mixing a drink. (He is no kin to the late Jacob G. Kinsey, whose name graces bottles of blended whisky, although Philadelphia's Kinsey Distilling Corp. keeps getting requests for "free sex books," and sells more whisky, thanks to its namesake.)

Born in Hoboken, N.J. in 1894, Alfred Charles Kinsey was the son of a self-made man who had started as a shopboy at Stevens Institute of Technology, and later headed its department of mechanical arts. Little Alfred spent most of his first ten years in bed, beset by rickets, heart trouble and finally typhoid fever (which nearly killed him). Then the family moved ten miles from smoggy Hoboken to the green hills of South Orange, and Alfred's health improved. He speaks with almost ferocious intensity of what South Orange meant to him: "I was raised in city streets. It was amazing to me that there were flowers to be had for the picking, and that there were birds more brilliantly colored than house sparrows."

His father gave him a book on flowers, but Alfred found a flower that wasn't in the book. That was the beginning of his passionate curiosity about nature. Soon he was immersed in a research project: in shower and thunderstorm he pulled on his raincoat and dashed out to see what the birds were doing. Kinsey's first published work, *What Birds Do in the Rain*, appeared in a nature journal when he was still in grade school.

Kinsey graduated from South Orange High School at 16 with top honors. Yearbook editors put a wildly unprophetic line from *Hamlet* under his picture: "Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

Leading nature hikes at summer camps helped Kinsey to pay his way through Maine's Bowdoin College, where he majored in biology and zoology. He had studied the piano since he was five, and at the Zeta Psi fraternity house he loved to play Beethoven or Chopin with tumultuous, Paderewski-like tossing of his blond mane.

Kinsey moved on to Harvard and took up wild food. He became as expert in this as in everything else that he has chosen to study. By 1920, with the late Merritt Lyndon Fernald, he finished his first book: *Edible Wild Plants of Eastern North America* (not published until 1943). For the distinguished members of the New England Botanical Club, Kinsey and Fernald spent days preparing a wild dinner: cold pigweed salad, pickles from cucumber root, bread from the acorns of swamp white oaks, squawberries, a cake of ground hickory nuts filled with blueberries and topped with maple syrup. It was, he reports, a great success.

Armed with his Sc.D. from Harvard (he has no M.D.), Kinsey joined the Indiana faculty. But a classroom could not hold him. He was forever searching scrub oaks for gall wasps, which fascinated him as living proof that evolution is still going on. When he had collected thousands of specimens in southern Indiana and recorded 28 microscopic measurements of each in a growing pile of statistics, Kinsey had to go farther and farther afield. Eventually he logged 80,000 miles of travel (much of it with Mrs. Kinsey and the children along as helpers) and 3,500,000 gall wasps.

It looked as though, in its professor of zoology, Indiana University had a man who would enjoy fame only in the narrow circle of gall-wasp taxonomists. But in 1938 some undergraduates asked Dr. Kinsey about sex adjustments in marriage. Then he was off. He forsook the birds, bees & flowers for human specimens. And though the study of sexual behavior has since absorbed him so completely, Kinsey says with a straight face: "Frankly, I should think the public would be extremely tired of the subject."

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and to the increasing scientific and clinical understanding . . ."

Fidelity. Among Kinsey's sample of women who had premarital intercourse, one-third had relations with from two to five men, more than half with only one man—and 46% only with the fiancé in the year or so before marriage. Are these women sorry? No. Whether they had later married or not, about three-fourths said they had no regrets, and 12-13% had only "minor" qualms. Among those who avoided intercourse before marriage, nine out of ten said they had done so primarily for moral reasons.

There have been other changes. A full third of the women born before 1900 told Kinsey that they wore night clothes during sexual intercourse. Now, more & more U.S. couples are having intercourse without covers or clothes (all but 8% of today's newlyweds), and sleep "in the raw."

Most societies, remarks Kinsey in an anthropological aside, have a double standard about marital fidelity. A few, though they take a dim view of a woman who strays openly, covertly condone her actions if she is discreet and her husband does not become, particularly disturbed. That, suggests Kinsey, is "the direction toward which American attitudes may be moving."

Among the 2,480 married women in his sample, one-fourth eventually had relations outside marriage by age 40. The rate rose from 6% in the late teens and 9% in the 20s, to 26% in the 30s and early 40s. Women with different family and social backgrounds behave about the same, but the infidelity rate goes up with education: 31% among those who have been to college, against 24% of high-school graduates.

As for what Kinsey calls "other sexual outlets": 62% of the women in his sample had masturbated at some time in their lives, but the activity was, for most, not continuous. (At some time, 62% of men masturbate, and for most the activity is more continuous than for women.) Homosexual relationships are far less frequent among women than among men. The activity is virtually confined to unmarried women or those no longer married; a fifth of all Kinsey's subjects had some such experience by age 40; one-fourth of the unmarried, only 3%; while married, (Among unmarried men, half; of the married, 4.6%).

But unlike homosexual males, many of whom change partners frequently, half of these women had had only one partner, and one-fifth had had only two.

Age & Sex. Many who profess not to be shocked by Kinsey's findings dispute them on the coldly factual basis that Kinsey has only his subjects' word that they are telling the truth. To this, Kinsey can only reply that he does the best he can to insure accuracy by a kind of cross-reference questioning, so that a subject who has lied at the beginning of the interview will expose himself near the end. Beyond this, he has re-interviewed hundreds of subjects after lapses of two to ten years and they have told substantially the same story; this rules out carefree, offhand ly-



Louvre Museum
DAPHNIS & CHLOE
Saved from juvenile delinquency.

ing. However, Kinsey has found that males who have not gone beyond grade school are less reliable informants than the more highly educated, and probably they have exaggerated their juvenile conquests. Similarly, he concedes, women are likely to cover up, so that some of their indiscretions before or after marriage might not show up in his figures.

More important to Kinsey than mere tables of incidence are the underlying biological, physiological and psychological factors which determine sexual behavior. Kinsey believes that he has found out a lot about what men & women must know and do if they are to make a success of marriage.

The answers go back to puberty, and the popular fallacy that girls mature faster than boys. Kinsey notes that girls reach puberty a year earlier than boys, but this is only the beginning of adolescence and is no index to sexual maturity. Boys reach maturity (the height of their physical power for sexual activity) by their late teens, and are already on the downgrade in their early 20s. But the curve of a girl's growing need for sex (or the breaking down of her inhibitions) rises only slowly in her teens.® keeps on rising slowly until she is 20 or 30. Even then there is no sharp peak: the curve levels off, leaving a smooth plateau until age 50 or 60. But the man's curve keeps on dropping, i.e., his need for sexual activity generally declines while the woman's stays fairly high. This, says Kinsey, is one of

® Less inhibited were some noted teen-agers of the past. Says Kinsey: "Helen was twelve years old when Paris carried her off from Sparta . . . Daphnis and Chloe was 11. Hélène was 18 when she fell in love with Abelard. Tristram was 19 when he first met Isolde. Juliet was less than 14 when Romeo made love to her. All of these youths, the great lovers of history, would be looked upon as immature adolescents and identified as juvenile delinquents if they were living today."

New spray ends fire that burned two days!

"There was a blue flash, a sound like thunder . . . a small flame. Then the building collapsed, was a mass of flames in five minutes . . ."

On Monday afternoon, June 22, Philadelphia found itself with a seven-alarm fire—4,000 tons of Government stockpiled crude rubber burning in a collapsed five story warehouse.

A Civic Emergency, the first in Philadelphia's history, was declared. Two areas adjoining the fire were evacuated. Over a hundred men were treated for burns, cuts, asphyxiation, Monday afternoon.

Foam and fog application failed to stop the fire. Late Tuesday night, hundred feet high flames were still rising from the burning rubber.

Then Central Supply Equipment Co. suggested the use of "Rockwood Wet," a detergent that makes "water wetter." Deputy Fire Chief George E. Hink agreed to try it. Central Supply had little on hand, and phoned its supplier, Rockwood Sprinkler Co., at Worcester, Mass. Rockwood called General Aniline, which makes the chemical.

At the GAF plant in Linden, N. J., an emergency crew came in at 11 p.m., worked all night to deliver 2,250 gallons of the chemical base in Philadelphia the next morning. Spraying of "Rockwood Wet" a gallon to each hundred gallons of water, started at 11:00 a.m. *In one hour and fifty-two minutes, the two-day fire was out.*

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the difficulties he has found in many marriages. It is heightened by the fact that in the early peak years of a man's activity he resents his wife's seeming coldness. When her coldness has passed, so has his interest—"especially [if she] has previously objected to the frequency of his requests."

What Every Woman Wants. Another common fallacy, says Kinsey, is the idea that the female is slower to respond sexually than the male. Not proved, he says. "Females appear to be capable of responding to the point of orgasm as quickly as males, and there are some females who respond more rapidly than any male." But there is a difference in responsiveness which may explain the common fallacy. It lies in women's psychology.

They are not as easily stimulated to sexual response as are men. Most of them get no reaction from seeing the male form in the nude, from "beefcake" pictures of undraped athletes, or from erotic stories. What every woman wants, Kinsey has gathered from long hours of listening, is "a considerable amount of generalized emotional stimulation before there is any specific sexual contact." This is an ancient truth, known to scientists in the field and every successful husband, now confirmed by Kinsey's massive statistics.

The Workshop. Kinsey's statistical laboratory is an unlikely spot: the basement of an old, ivy-clad brick building (which also houses the department of home economics) on the tree-shaded campus of Indiana University. The door is marked "Institute for Sex Research—Walk In." A summer visitor is met by a wave of well-chilled air, and the whole atmosphere is one of scientific frigidity. There is nothing in sight as provocative as a Petty calendar, only ultra-modern steel desks, work tables, filing cabinets and posture chairs.

Though Kinsey now lists all 14 members of the institute staff as co-authors of "the female volume," the key men around him are three: Psychologist Wardell B. Pomeroy, 39, and Statistician Clyde E. Martin, 35 (who were credited as co-authors of the male volume), and Anthropologist Paul H. Gebhard, 36. These three, along with Kinsey, are the only men who know the hieroglyphic code used for tak-

ing down case histories (on 8½ by 11 in. sheets). From the code-marked sheets, one of Kinsey's three chief lieutenants transfers the data to 3½ by 7½ in. punch cards. A single history may take 20 or more cards: each woman's history has to be recorded under different key headings. Then, by running a given batch of cards through a machine, the statistician can tell, for instance, what proportion of Protestant women were virgins at marriage, or what proportion of all women who were virgins at marriage (regardless of religion) have been divorced. The possible combinations are almost endless.

To buttress the information gathered from interviews and to supply background for it, the institute has a library of 16,000 volumes ranging from ancient Japanese marriage manuals and Brantôme's *Les Vies des Dames Galantes*, to Joyce's *Ulysses* and Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber*. By no means all are spicy; the catalogue covers anthropology and bibliography, biology and medicine, law, psychology and religion.

The Eager Helpers. Kinsey's real laboratory is the whole U.S. He will go to any amount of trouble to collect case histories from a region, a cultural group, an occupational class or a religious sect which may not be adequately represented in his samples. Stray individuals figure less and less in his work. Kinsey commonly accepts an invitation to address (without fee) an organization such as a conference of Y.W.C.A. secretaries. After he has described the nature and purpose of his study, he calls for volunteers to sign up for interviews. He often gets a response as high as 80% even from a prim, spinsterish group.

Some groups are tougher. It took him three years, Kinsey likes to recall, to win the confidence of the "Times Square underworld." Once the goons and dope peddlers learned that he was a straight-shooter who would not betray them to the cops, they began to take pride in helping a man of science. Now, if he lingers on the steps of Manhattan's Astor Hotel, he needs a bodyguard to fend off the too-willing contributors.

Funds have been offered as willingly as information. Kinsey's backers: Indiana U.,

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which pays his salary (\$9,600) as professor of zoology, and provides space and physical facilities without, so far, the slightest objection from Hoosier state legislators; and the Rockefeller Foundation, which sends Kinsey \$40,000 each year through the National Research Council. In addition, about an equal sum comes from royalties on the male volume, which go to the institute (Kinsey takes only his professorial salary).

The Consequences. What is the effect of Kinsey's work on the U.S.? It may take another Kinsey report, 20 years hence, to find out. But certain effects are already visible.

Perhaps the biggest of them is conversational. Despite the tremendous increase of talk about sex after World War I, public and printed discussion was accepted only gradually. As late as the '30s, the *New York Times* refused ads for *Ideal Marriage*, by a highly respectable Dutch physician, Theodoor H. Van de Velde, who spoke of sex with great candor but also with an almost romantic reverence. No single event did more for open discussion of sex than the Kinsey report, which got such matters as homosexuality, masturbation, coitus and orgasm into most papers and family magazines.

Another effect has been on legislation concerning sex offenders. Current laws, charges Kinsey, are antiquated and unrealistic, bear no relation to the facts of sexual behavior. Many of their punitive provisions, even if rigorously enforced, could not possibly produce the results expected of them. In this field, change so far has been slow but distinct, e.g., largely on the basis of Kinsey's testimony. California's legislature has dropped a plan for compulsory castration of sex offenders.

When Kinsey's first volume appeared sermons, editorials and dinner conversation warned that it might encourage the practices which it described as widespread, e.g., a husband hesitating on the brink of adultery might be encouraged by hearing that 50% of all U.S. men do commit adultery. How well-grounded this fear may be is still far from clear. So far, there is no concrete evidence that the Kinsey book has had any such effect, and studies at colleges have shown post-Kinsey youth to be no different from the pre-Kinsey group. Court records show no increase in sex offenses. Many psychologists doubt that anyone intelligent enough to follow Kinsey's complicated statistical report would be impressionable enough to be, in the phrase of New York's late Mayor Walker, "ruined by a book."

This argument is countered by the fact that the gist of the book became known to millions who never read it. Kinsey's work expresses and strengthens an attitude that can be dangerous: the idea that there is morality in numbers.

What Is Normal? An old pollster has suggested the formula: Freud + Gallup = Kinsey. The formula is correct to the extent that Kinsey combines the 20th century's preoccupation with sex, symbolized by Sigmund Freud, with a weakness for piling up facts & figures, symbolized by

George Gallup. In earlier ages of Western civilization, the dominant question about an opinion was never how many people held it, but whether it was right or wrong.

Kinsey argues that right and wrong are not his business: he is simply a scientific reporter who is trying to find out what goes on. But he carries to great lengths the syllogism that 1) man is an animal; 2) some animals do all the things that are condemned in modern society as abnormal or perverted; 3) since animals are natural, this behavior is natural. To Kinsey, anything is "biologically normal" that a lot of people—or animals—do. And Kinsey's tolerance goes to extremes. "The male who reacts sexually . . . upon seeing a streetcar may merely reflect some early experience in which a streetcar was associated with a desirable sexual partner; and his behavior may be no more difficult to explain than the behavior of the male who reacts at the sight of his wife undressing for bed."

The Columbus of Sex? For years, Biologist Kinsey used to investigate the habits of the gall wasp. Since he has switched to humans, he has lost much of his scientific detachment. In his passionate defense of the taxonomic method (the scientific classification of living things), he ignored or attacked the findings of anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists. Says a friend and fellow scientist: "There is too much emotion there. He should have been a revivalist."

Kinsey's own emotion about science may blind him to one of science's shortcomings: the great difficulty it has in dealing precisely with the emotions of human beings (as distinct from the mutations of gall wasps). Kinsey can record only overt acts, or the memories of them, plus a few mental attitudes of which his subjects are sufficiently aware to tell him. In the female volume, which he calls a far more human document than its predecessor, he does his best to explore the psychological factors in sex. But he can only check off emotions: he cannot measure them. He cannot detect (and this is where his kinship to Freud ends) emotional factors buried deep in the unconscious, or religious and ethical concepts which are none the less real and forceful for being "unscientific." Human beings who need ideals and emotions as well as the physical comforts of marriage have values which no punch card or computer can capture.

"Kinsey . . . has done for sex what Columbus did for geography," declared a pair of enthusiasts (Lawyer Morris Ernst and Biographer David Loth), for getting that Columbus did not know where he was when he got there. Perhaps inspired by the accolade, Kinsey opens his second volume with the words: "There is no ocean of greater magnitude than the sexual function." Kinsey, a dedicated explorer, has sailed a long way over that vast and deep ocean, but he has only ruffled the surface currents. His interviews are echo-soundings. Kinsey's work contains much that is valuable, but it must not be mistaken for the last word.

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A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable September 30, 1953, to holders of record on the books of the company on August 28, 1953, on the Communi-
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ROAST BEEF...*



*BEEF STEW
would fill the bill!*

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WORLD-WIDE DEMAND FOR CHEMICAL CELLULOSE POSES QUESTION FOR RAYONIER

DOMESTIC OBLIGATIONS Most of the big cellulose growth industries in the United States have increased production goals, based on the assurance that North America can supply their demands for high-quality chemical cellulose.

Last year, Rayonier alone produced more than 800 million pounds of chemical cellulose in a wide variety of types especially adapted for a wide variety of specific end uses such as high-tenacity rayon cord for automobile tires, acetate and rayon textiles, cellophane, photographic films, plastics

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WORLD DEMAND Prior to World War II, Rayonier exported more chemical cellulose, in many years, than it delivered to domestic users. Today, there are still these old obligations abroad to be remembered.

Japan, formerly the world's largest user of chemical cellulose, is rapidly coming back into the market. India has built three planes, and plans the construction of others. Plans are building in Australia, Egypt, Brazil. In Latin America, the industrial use of cellulose is growing rapidly.

Yet, in spite of this growth, the overseas consumption of chemical cellulose is far lower than the United States' approximate 10 lbs. per capita—has a long way to go to catch up. Because every one-pound increase in the free world's per capita consumption equals this country's current chemical cellulose capacity, exciting and profitable prospects exist for Rayonier's more than 7,000 owners and 3,950 employees.

COMPETITIVE SITUATION The bulk of the increased world demand for chemical cellulose must be met from the North American continent because of the ready availability of the right kinds of wood, cheapest source of chemical cellulose. Hard woods from tropical rain forests and bagasse from sugar cane have so far proved uneconomic.

Users abroad buy Rayonier chemical cellulose because of its uniform quality and Rayonier's stable price policy, even though they are at times offered other cellulose cheaper.

Rayonier, with its nearly-limitless supply of the right woods, is the United States' largest exporter of chemical cellulose, accounting for about 70% of all shipments. As free world industry strengthens and more cellulose is needed, Rayonier can be expected to maintain its present position of leadership in the export field.



FOR CHEMICAL CELLULOSE



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A whole new field of chemistry is being born. Chemicals from minerals, chemicals from coal, chemicals from petroleum, chemicals from gases—and now chemicals from wood. And Rayonier intends to lead in the new field of silvichemicals. For whatever the demands leadership entails, Rayonier is ready, ready, willing and able.



TARGET: SUBMERGED SUB

NIGHT, FOG, and the sea cloak an enemy submarine. But above the low undercast, a Grumman S2F-1 hunts with electronic gear that detects and plots and feeds information to the four-man crew.

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SPORT

Hoot Mon's Daughter

During a Florida vacation in 1951, J. (for Joseph) Elgin Armstrong, a horse-fancying contractor from Brampton, Ont., took a fancy to a yearling filly named Helicopter. Half an hour later, he bought the little brown trotter from her trainer and part owner, Del Miller, for \$7,900. Explains Armstrong now: "I wanted to win the Hambletonian."

Helicopter kept her new owners (Armstrong and his brother Edwin) guessing. Last year she won only four of 21 starts, but her purses repaid the purchase price, plus \$85,411. This year she won four out of ten races, blithely coming in last one week and finishing first the next. Last week, finally entered in the Hambletonian, trotting's annual classic, the fickle filly again kept a crowd of some 20,000 guessing, including city slickers who jammed the gaily canopied grandstand at Good Time Park in Goshen, N.Y. In the first heat, Helicopter lost ground by breaking her gait, coasted in 17th in a field of 23 (if three different trotters win the Hambletonian's scheduled three heats, the classic's winner is decided by a run-off heat held for them only). First-heat winner: a 17-to-1 shot, Milky Way Stable's Milky Hanover. The 8-5 favorite, Newport Stock Farm's Newport Star, took only show money.

Having taken her ease, Helicopter (with odds at 5 to 1) handsomely won the second heat, out-trotting Singing Sword, a bay colt driven to show money by Del Miller, who is still Helicopter's trainer. In the third heat, at sharply reduced odds of 7-5, Helicopter was trotting second close to the finish. Then the leader, Allwood Stable's Kimberly Kid, broke his trotting stride. Laying on the whip, Helicopter's Driver Harry Harvey strained forward in his sulky, catapulted his charge a half-length ahead across the finish line. Elgin Armstrong's vacation bungalow had paid off.

Helicopter's victory produced some records of the kind carefully watched by tradition-minded Hambletonian devotees. She was the first Hambletonian winner ever sired by another winner—Hoot Mon, who set the Hambletonian's fastest heat mark of two minutes flat in 1947.* Driver Harvey, 20, a Vermont farm boy, was the youngest winning driver in Hambletonian history, no small feat in a sport dominated

* Hoot Mon's forebear was Hambletonian X, ancestor of almost every modern U.S. trotter and pacer. In 24 seasons, he got 1,331 foals, bringing nearly \$700,000 in stud fees to his owner, a one-time farm hand named William Rysdyk, who bought him for \$125. Hambletonian (after whom the race is named) in turn was sired by Abdallah I, an evil-tempered individualist who, after siring hundreds of foals, wound up at 21 hitched to a fish peddler's wagon. After vengefully kicking the wagon to pieces, proud old Abdallah spent the final months of his life roaming wild on a Brooklyn beach. Too weak to forage for food, he took refuge from oncoming winter in a deserted shanty, starved to death standing up, leaning against the shanty's wall, leg-mired in knee-deep mud.



Tommy Weber

HAMBLETONIAN'S THIRD HEAT; HELICOPTER (No. 2) PASSING KIMBERLY KID

Despite the grand old men, a fickle filly's day.

by grand old men. And for Canada's two Armstrong brothers—the first foreign owners to win the race—Helicopter earned the biggest Hambletonian purse to date (\$63,126).

The Last Race

Most men shrink from death. Tazio Nuvolari spent most of his life racing toward it. Born in the little village of Castel d'Ario, in the province of Mantua, he first challenged death at 13, jumping off his parents' roof with an umbrella for a parachute. Tazio got off with a few bruises.

At 20, he patched up an old Blériot airplane, which had crashed near his village, and took off from the same roof. Crashing in flames atop a nearby hay-

stack, he counted only a few broken bones. His lust for speed swiftly led him to motorcycles and racing cars. He was happiest when he could feel wheels whirling beneath him, their treads screaming along some treacherous road.

Cheers for a Virtuoso. Death rode often with Nuvolari in World War I, when he drove a Red Cross ambulance. In 1924 he won his first auto race, and a legend began to grow. At first, crowds came to witness the early end of the tiny (5 ft. 4 in., 130 lbs.) "Flying Madman." When they found that he was virtually indestructible, they cheered for a virtuoso of the wheel. Nuvolari steered his string of Bugattis, Alfa-Romeos, Cisitalias and Ferraris with profanity, main force and incredible finesse. No stylist, he seldom took a curve the same way twice, yet he could slide through a sharp turn at 150 m.p.h., all the while holding his front wheels a fixed few inches from the fence.

Of 136 major auto races, Nuvolari won 72, could blame most of his defeats on car failure. He took every big European race at least once—the Grand Prix, Le Mans, the Mille Miglia. Superstitious, he liked always to have a hunchback friend nearby when he raced, for good luck. He always wore the same yellow sweater, blue pants and tricolored scarf. Italians said of Nuvolari, as they had long before said of their spellbinding violinist, Paganini, that he had "a pact with the devil." This belief was strongly supported by Nuvolari's chief European rival, Achille Varzi. In the 1930 Mille Miglia, Varzi was coasting along the homestretch at night, confident that he was far in the lead. For miles, he had noticed no headlights behind him. Suddenly, out of the blackness, a car emerged, shot past him, finished first. For hours, Nuvolari had trailed Varzi over tortuous roads with his headlights off.

Nuvolari's unearthly skill sometimes surpassed other drivers' understanding,



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TAZIO NUVOOLARI
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Temporary constipation is usually accompanied by acid indigestion—yet most laxatives act on irregularity alone. But Milk of Magnesia does more. It relieves both conditions... gives you more complete relief. So take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S.A.

though they acknowledged him as the greatest racer of all. At Monte Carlo's 1935 Grand Prix, heavy rains swept the racing route. A car's oil line broke in the middle of an already slippery S-curve. The five cars following piled up and littered the road like tank barriers. Next came Nuvolari. In a few seconds, at high speed, he power-slid and threaded his way across the slick and between the crashed cars with only millimeters to spare without touching one.

Out to the Country. In 1936, Nuvolari went to America and casually won the Vanderbilt Cup race, beating the U.S.'s Wilbur Shaw and Mauri Rose, later three-time Indianapolis champions. But time, which Tazio had always flouted, was catching up with him. After World War II, which he spent in Mantua laid low by tuberculosis, he attempted a comeback. Trying for his third Mille Miglia victory in 1948, he was a lonely, ill man. He kept the lead, despite the progressive loss of his Ferrari's bumpers, hood, mudguards and seat cushions. With little more left than its wheels and motor, the tortured car gave up. Nuvolari lost, but not because he "went out to the country" (an ironic term for going off the road).

Once he had said: "Without a motor under my feet, it's hard to face death." Last year he had a stroke that partly paralyzed him. Last week, after another stroke, Tazio Nuvolari, 61, finally met death, but not the way he had always wanted. He died in bed.

In his mile-long funeral procession at Mantua, Nuvolari's bier rested on a flag-draped car chassis, pushed by some of modern racing's greatest names—Alberto Ascari, Luigi Villoresi, Juan Fangio. They buried *Il Maestro*'s scarred body, its bones marred by countless fractures, in his gay racing togs, his favorite detachable steering wheel at his side.

Scoreboard

¶ At Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Native Dancer, Eric Guerin up romped, as expected (odds 1 to 20) to his 17th victory in 18 starts, taking the \$27,000, 1½-mile Travers Stakes by 5½ lengths, in 2:05½. Winner's purse, \$16,500.

¶ In Copenhagen, a Russian eight-oared rowing crew, in the first post-Olympic appearance of Soviet oarsmen in the West, beat a Danish crew by nearly a length on a 1000-meter course for the European eight-oared title.

¶ Wimbledon Champion Victor Seixas lost the Newport invitation men's singles after wrenching his knee in the third set, to Tony Trabert, 5-7, 6-6, 6-4, 8-6, 6-3. But he was the recipient of a memorable limerick from the London *Observer*, which had been brooding over pronunciation of his name.

*The Wimbledon champion, Seixas,
Is nothing if not effeixas.
He delivers his ace
With incredible pace,
While the rest of us murmur "Good
geixas."*

CINEMA

Present Imperfect

Moviemakers, sweltering through the dog days of August were distrustful of the present and worried about the future. ¶ At Warner Bros., the list of actors under contract reached an all-time modern low of six, including Virginia Mayo.

¶ The Technicolor musical *Kiss Me Kate* will be released in four shapes and sizes this November: 1) small screen flat, 2) small screen 3-D, 3) large screen flat, 4) large screen 3-D. Meanwhile, many moviemakers were beginning to think that 3-D was a shot in the arm than a bump on the head: box-office returns on the latest 3-D films are showing a steady decline from the top grosses of such early novelty hits as *Bwana Devil* and *The House of Wax*. Because many theater owners believe the profit on 3-D pictures is not yet enough to pay off the added cost of enlarged projection booths, extra machines and extra operators, only 2,100 of the nation's 21,500 theaters are equipped to show 3-D. ¶ M-G-M may have sensed a new trend: the original *Lassie* movie has been remade into a film called *Gypsy Colt* in which the lovable old canine has been replaced by a horse.

¶ President Eisenhower delivered another blow to the cinema industry (the first: his pocket veto of the bill granting relief from federal taxes to movie theaters—TIME, Aug. 17). The President plugged a tax loophole through which movie stars have avoided paying income taxes by staying outside the U.S. for an 18-month period. The amended bill limits to \$20,000 the amount of tax-exempt earnings within an 18-month period, and will probably do much to bring movie stars, writers and producers home.

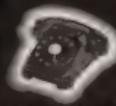
The New Pictures

So This Is Love [Warner] is nearly, but not quite, as lively as Grace Moore's autobiography *You're Only Human Once*, on which it is based. Actress Kathryn Grayson does her best in impersonating the warmhearted lyric soprano who died in a European plane crash in 1947. In the beginning, she is riding on a circus elephant, and at the end, she is standing on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, taking the 28th curtain call for her debut performance as Mimi. From one Technicolored behemoth to another, it is pretty much the usual sawdust trail of hard work, strewn with just enough tears and bleeding hearts to make the going colorful but not sloshy.

The Cruel Sea [J. Arthur Rank: Universal-International] is the cold, grey North Atlantic, where, during the darkest days of World War II, corvette-escorted British convoys ran the gauntlet of Nazi U-boats to maintain the island's lifeline with the outside world. This fine British movie version of Nicholas Monsarrat's 1951 bestseller captures the authentic spume and spray and salt-water



"Long distance, please"—1953 style



Next time you place a telephone call to some distant point in the U.S.A., notice what a short time passes before the called party answers.

Chances are—if you live in one of the major American cities or towns—your call was accomplished by a remarkable "Aladdin's Lamp" of modern engineering known as *Operator Toll Dialing*, in which one of the world's oldest and best known telephone manufacturers, Stromberg-Carlson, plays an important part.

Time was when a long distance call from, say, Tampa, Florida, to San Francisco, California, involved operators at Tampa, Jacksonville, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City and, finally, San Francisco—to ring someone's home or office. Today, the only operator involved is the one in Tampa. She

simply punches a set of keys, sending a sequence of impulses through an *inter-toll network*, and a few moments later your wife, your customer, or your home office in San Francisco is on the line.

Today's time-saving miracle is possible because of Central Office equipment like the Stromberg-Carlson XY dial system. Switches, relays, and other electro-mechanical apparatus respond instantly to "orders" from the originating long-distance operator... set up instantaneous electrical paths from city to city and accurately finish their job by ringing the exact number you want.

Wonderful? Yes—but typical of a company which has been pioneering Communications methods for home and business since it made its first telephone instrument—way back in 1894. Perhaps you have a problem we could answer.

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*Why it may be
"the beginning of
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We do not claim miracles. We can't prevent baldness. Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff.

Dermatologists differ as to causes of baldness, but say the condition symptomized by excessive dandruff does often lead to baldness.

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands, dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

A scalp hygiene program

Watch your general health; if "run down," see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the right kind of care. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kremi Method of scalp hygiene—used by leading barbers and hairdressers:

Tonight, shake Kremi Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously. Next, apply your favorite shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. The lather comes easily if you have used enough Kremi Hair Tonic.

Now, rinse with water. Lather again. Rinse. Dry hair thoroughly. Shake on Kremi Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning: Shake on Kremi Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair place.

At first, more dandruff flakes than usual may appear. This simply means dandruff is being "chased out." In stubborn cases, repeat Kremi-and-shampoo treatment.

Inhibits growth of Spores

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kremi inhibit the growth of the Spores of Malassez. The Kremi Method has helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

Money-back offer. Try the Kremi Method; and, if not entirely satisfied, write The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. Enclose Kremi label—tell us what you paid. We will gladly refund your money.

Get Kremi today. And if you need shampoo, ask for our Kremi Shampoo. See how quickly the Kremi Method makes your head feel better! The J. B. Williams Company.

Kremi Hair Tonic



SHIPWRECKED CREWMEN OF "COMPASS ROSE"
To capture a villain, spume and spray and salt-water tang.

tang of its theme. Eric Ambler's screenplay even improves on the original by cutting down a good deal of the rather arid romantic stretches on land and focusing with almost documentary fidelity on the war at sea.

Concentrating on a handful of seamen in the corvette *Compass Rose*, the film tells enough of their personal histories to make their conflict with the sea come alive. There is the captain (Jack Hawkins), who is broad, tough and dependable, but also racked by pangs of conscience after he is forced to run down some wounded men from a torpedoed British cargo vessel in order to depth-charge a U-boat. There is "Number One" (Donald Sinden), with his mind on a pretty Wren operations officer. There is a sublieutenant (Denholm Elliott) who is bitter because his actress-wife has been unfaithful to him. There is the petty officer (Bruce Seton), whose widowed sister is killed in a Liverpool air raid just when she has found a new romance.

Some of these vignettes, well-acted by a cast of relative unknowns, are somewhat sickly contrived. But, as Author Monsarrat says in his novel: the heroes of his story are the men, the heroines of the ships, and the villain is the cruel sea itself. Director Charles (*Scott of the Antarctic*) Frend's direction mirrors the sea in all its moods—from violence to treacherous calm. As he spins the story of men and corvettes (those "fiddling, bloody little gash boats"), he fills in his vast seascapes with cumulative detail: watchful, intent faces behind binoculars, scanning the malignant ocean; the radar aerial, circling an invisible horizon; blinding flashes of gunfire at night; the sea, churning with depth charges. There are the harsh sounds of war: shells bursting on deck armor, the asdic set clicking and pingpong with echo bearings, the shattering explosions of ammunition ships, the groaning, slamming

violence of a small ship fighting a monstrous sea.

Produced by Ealing Studios (TIME, April 14, 1952), known for such expert comedies as *The Lavender Hill Mob* and *The Man in the White Suit*, *The Cruel Sea* is one of the best films made thus far about World War II.

CURRENT & CHOICE

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie; with Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr, Frank Sinatra (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Master of Ballantrae. Errol Flynn fights his way from Scotland to the New World and back in a rousing version of Robert Louis Stevenson's 18th century thriller (TIME, Aug. 3).

Return to Paradise. A totalitarian South Sea island gets an imaginative helping of love and democracy from Gary Cooper (TIME, July 20).

The Sea Around Us. The Technicolor camera prowls the ocean floor: some beautiful scenes, but lacking the majestic sweep of Rachel Carson's 1951 bestseller (TIME, July 20).

The Moon is Blue. Recently banned in Maryland, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. Why a small boy hates piano teachers, a wacky tale inventively told in Technicolor (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood comes to grips with Shakespeare and, for once, very neatly holds its own (TIME, June 1).

Strange Deception. A moving story of an Italian postwar vendetta, written and filmed by Novelist Curzio (*The Skin of Malaparte*) (TIME, June 1).

Shane. A horse opera brought to Technicolor perfection: with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES

FYODOR Dostoevsky

on the power of conscience

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The Brothers Karamazov, 1880

Arthur McNight Kauffer

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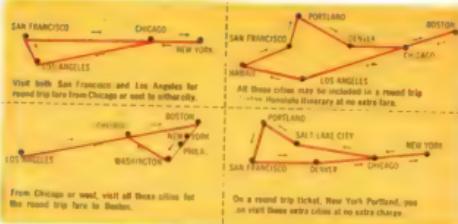


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THE PRESS

Joe's Blow

After Joe McCarthy subjected New York Post Editor James A. Wechsler, one of his bitterest editorial enemies, to a five-hour inquisition last spring, a special eleven-man committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors sat down to decide whether the incident was a general threat to the freedom of the press. Last week the committee reported that it could reach no decision, vaguely concluding: "It is the responsibility of every editor to read the transcript and decide for himself."

But four of the committee members issued their own minority report. They were led by the committee's own chairman,* Washington Post Managing Editor

saved for personal feuds and who always starts a new attack before anybody can beat him on an earlier one, reacted with complete predictability. He wrote a letter to the seven committee members who had not signed the minority report, demanding that they investigate not only Wiggins but his paper as well, or otherwise Congress might have to do it for them. It is the Washington Post which imperils freedom of the press, added McCarthy blandly: "[The Post] has been one of my most impudent and dishonest critics." Said Wiggins: "Nothing would please me more" than a study by his colleagues of the Post's "full, accurate and fair . . . coverage of . . . Senator McCarthy."

"California, Me Voilà!"

On a mission to discover what the U.S. is really like, two of France's ablest magazine reporters flew to Kansas City early this year. Pierre Gosset, 42, and his 35-year-old wife Renée, who write as a team for *Paris*' handsome, perceptive monthly *Réalités*, had previously explored 58 countries, from Argentina to Zanzibar. Last week, in the August number of *Réalités'* French edition (circ. 135,000),* the Gosssets told their story of life in the U.S., as seen "through fresh eyes" on their two-month, 27-state journey.

On the Road. With the help of that "national institution," the American Automobile Association, the Gosssets bought a used Chevy (for \$1,400) and started off. After years of driving a car in France, they were continually amazed at the courteous, law-abiding U.S. motorist (by contrast, "Anarchy and chaos prevail on the roads of France"). Stopping at a motel, the Gosssets discovered that not all the patrons were bona fide tourists: "In fact, [motels] seem to solve delicate problems for people anxious not to offend the puritanism of cities."

In Jefferson, Iowa, the Gosssets found a farmer foursome on the golf course ("French peasants will play golf the day that the Versailles Palace becomes a drive-in restaurant"), other farmers who fly their own Piper Cubes as much as 600 miles for a Sunday pleasure jaunt. Industrial workers were also plainly more prosperous in the U.S. than their French counterparts: in Pittsburgh, the Gosssets met Patrick N. O'Connell, a rolling-mill foreman with a wife and eight children, who owns a station wagon, a TV set, his own home, gets no such "family allotment" as fecund Frenchmen get from a grateful government.

At California's Stanford University, the Gosssets studied the U.S. technique of "dating," learning that college rules forbid alcohol, but that it is proper for a coed to drink beer from a paper cup off campus. In Las Vegas, Nev. the Gosssets would not have been surprised to find doctors trying



Associated Press

He felt a command of duty.

J. Russell Wiggins, whose paper has blasted McCarthy in editorials and cartoons almost as often as the New York Post has. Said the minority: "We are compelled by every command of duty to brand this and every like threat to freedom of the press from whatever source, as a peril to American freedom . . . Congressional interrogation such as [this], if frequently repeated, would extinguish, without passage of a single law, that free and unfettered reporting of events and comment thereon upon which the preservation of our liberties depends . . . A press put to the frequent necessity of explaining its news and editorial policies to a United States Senator, armed with the full powers of the Government . . . is not a free press—whether the Senator be a good or a bad Senator."

Joe McCarthy, whose real energy is

* The others: Hartford *Courant* Editor Herbert Brucker, Indianapolis *News* Managing Editor Eugene S. Pulliam, Eugene (Ore.) *Register-Guard* Editor William Tugman.

* There is also an English-language edition (circ. 30,000), which will carry the Gosssets' story in September.



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Pierre Gossset
REPORTERS RENÉE & PIERRE GOSSET

Hollywood does not exist.
to keep their gambling-mad patients happy with slot machines.

In Texas, the Gosssets were startled to find the Lone Star Republic's flag still flying outside public schools alongside the Stars & Stripes, the French embassy still standing at the old Lone Star capital of Austin. They were even more startled by some of the tall tales Texans told until they realized that it was just *gasconade* (as Frenchmen call the braggadocio of their own "Texas" of Gascony). In Crystal City, Texas, the world's self-styled spinach capital, the Gosssets found a statue of Popeye in the public square.

Frenchmen who still pictured the South as a Scarlett O'Hara land of cotton plantations and Negro mammyies were put wise: "To tell the truth, we did not see much cotton in the South. What we saw was oil, natural gas, helium, steel, magnesium, atomic energy and chemical plants." The Gosssets were impressed with the advance of Negro education; they called all Negro Howard University (in Washington, D.C.) "more modern than the average European university." To the French reporters, the Vieux Carré of French New Orleans was a fake—with its "pretentious airs of romanticism," its "tourist traps." In Paris, Tenn., the Gosssets felt a twinge of outraged national pride at the "made in Paris" perfumes. But their spirits revived when they saw a horseman ride up to a parking meter, throw the bridle across the meter, dismount and deposit a coin.

Paradise Found. Hollywood, the Gosssets found, "does not exist"; it has been entirely subtle to charlatans and parasites. "small people with small ideas." But San Francisco—"the most civilized, the most refined, the most cultivated and the most Mediterranean city of the U.S."—captured the Gosssets' hearts at first sight, made them ready to sing "California, *Me Voilà!*" (California, Here I Come). Last week, the memory still a warm glow, the roving Gosssets were getting ready to move their home from Tangier to San Francisco.

MILESTONES

Born. To Lord Ogilvy, 27, heir to the 300-year-old Scottish earldom of Airlie, and Lady Ogilvy, 20, the former Virginia Fortune Ryan, daughter of New York Socialite John Barry Ryan: their first child, a daughter; in London. Name: Doune Mabell. Weight: 7 lbs. 10 oz.

Divorced. By Maureen O'Hara, 32, Dublin-born cinemactress (*The Quiet Man*): Hollywood Producer-Director Will Price, 38 (*Strange Bargain, Tripoli*); after 11 1/2 years of marriage, one daughter; in Hollywood, Calif.

Died. John Horne Burns, 36, Harvard-educated schoolteacher turned novelist, best known for his 1947 bestselling portrayal of American G.I.s in war-torn Naples (*The Gallerie*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Leghorn, Italy.

Died. Lieut. General Sir Frank Noel Mason MacFarlane, K.C.B., 63, one of Britain's ablest soldier-administrators; of arthritis and complications from a broken leg; in Twyford, England. Four times decorated in World War I, Mason MacFarlane headed British intelligence in France when World War II began. After the 1940 German breakthrough in Belgium, he mustered a hedgehog "Mac Force" of rear-echelon troops and led a fighting retreat to Dunkirk. In 1944, as chief of the Allied Control Commission in liberated Italy, he smoothly directed the cleanup of Fascist officials. At war's end, Laborite "Mason Mac" was elected to Parliament.

Died. Friedrich Schorr, 64, famed Wagnerian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera (1923-43); of cancer; in Farmington, Conn. Hungarian-born son of a Jewish cantor, he first studied law in Vienna, eventually joined a barnstorming Wagnerian troupe, and after one season in the U.S., was signed up by the Met. Best-known for his memorable Hans Sachs in *Die Meistersinger* and Wotan in *Die Walküre*, Baritone Schorr shut himself up for hours before singing a new role, to master every histrionic detail.

Died. General André Georges Corap, 75, whose French Ninth Army was annihilated in the decisive 1940 German breakthrough near Sedan; at Fontainebleau, near Paris.

Died. Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant Jr., 83, Manhattan millionaire, sole surviving direct descendant of Peter Stuyvesant (1592-1672), last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam; in his 20-odd-room Manhattan town house. Four days after his death, Stuyvesant was buried in the family crypt at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie, where 85 other Stuyvesants and Stuyvesant connections are entombed. Then the vault's massive bronze door (inscribed "Peter Stuyvesant-His Vault") was closed forever.



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BUSINESS

COMMODITIES

Growing Surplus

In Chicago's noisy wheat pit last week, nervous traders began a deluge of selling in wheat futures. As U.S. farmers got ready to vote on wheat marketing quotas, the traders were hedging the possibility that controls would be voted down, thus automatically cutting Government price supports for wheat nearly in half. In the hectic trading, September futures fell to \$1.75 a bu., the lowest price in six years and 60¢ below the price a year ago. The fears about the voting were unjustified (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), and September futures soon rebounded to \$1.88 as flour mills made big buys at the bargain prices. But the fact remained that, not only in wheat but in other commodities, the U.S. is fast piling up the biggest agricultural surplus in its history.

This year's total crop production, the Agriculture Department estimated last week, will be second only to 1948's record. And this is being added to growing surpluses piled up from previous years. One reason for the wheat pile-up is the slump in exports, down 94 million bu. (or about 37%) in 1953's first half. Corn, the nation's biggest crop, is also heading for a glut. By October, stocks are expected to reach 4.1 billion bu., largest in U.S. history. Acreage allotments for corn are inescapable.

Of the four other "basic" crops which are supported at 90% of parity, only rice now seems likely to remain free of controls next year. Although the rice-crop estimate of 5 billion lbs. is more than 40% above the average for 1942-51, de-

mand is expected to be high. In the other basic crops:

With a cotton carryover of 4.1 billion bales, the Agriculture Department seems to have no choice but to call a referendum on marketing quotas.

Most varieties of tobacco are already under stringent control, and referendums will be conducted on other types this year.

Peanuts will continue under acreage allotments and marketing quotas.

For farmers, aristocrats of the postwar boom, higher production has not meant higher earnings, as it has for industry. But neither has the farm recession spelled disaster. The Agriculture Department reports farm income from the first half of 1953 down only 6% from a year ago. Unless the drop is accelerated later in the year, U.S. farm income in 1953 should be the sixth highest of all time.

AUTOS

Disaster's Bottleneck

At General Motors' modern, air-conditioned brick plant in Livonia, Mich., one day last week, the second shift had just filed in to start a normal day's work turning out Hydra-Matic transmissions for G.M., Lincoln, Kaiser, Hudson and Nash. Moments later, sparks from a welder's torch ignited an oil-soaked conveyor belt; suddenly flames leapfrogged from one drip pan to another. After that, said Foreman Floyd Davis, everything "went up like a torch."

Volunteer firefighters made the mistake of turning a hose on the blaze, only helped to spread it. Soon a blazing oil tank set

a tar roof afire, sending a shower of burning tar on fleeing workers. Firemen came by scores from half a dozen towns, but were helpless. Three workers and one fireman perished* and 40 others were injured. Solvents, cleaning compounds, acids and gases burst into angry, hungry flames that were whipped by a brisk west wind. Steel columns twisted and dipped like trees bowed by an ice storm. It was the worst fire in the history of Detroit, the worst in the U.S. for any single plant. G.M.'s estimated loss: \$70 million in plant, tools and other equipment. Livonia was insured for only \$28 million.

But the bigger economic loss was to the whole industry's production and employment. It was estimated that 60,000 workers would be affected immediately, and that total U.S. auto production would be cut 10% to 15% for the rest of the year. Cadillac, which uses Hydra-Matic transmission exclusively, cut down to a five-hour day right away. Hard-hit Pontiac, which uses Hydra-Matic in 85% of its cars shut down entirely; Oldsmobile (98% Hydra-Matic) closed for two days, then opened for a four-hour-day schedule.†

Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division (100% Hydra-Matic) with a 10-10 days' supply, prepared to expand Mercury production, cut back on Lincolns. Hudson (58%) shut down for a model change, has "a couple of weeks' supply"; Nash (33%) has enough for a few weeks, but has been shut down by a supplier's strike; Kaiser

* Five days later two salvage workers were electrocuted while clearing the wreckage.

† Buick and Chevrolet make their own transmissions, Dynaflow and Powerglide.



FLAMES SWEEPING THROUGH WRECKAGE OF GENERAL MOTORS PLANT AT LIVONIA, MICH.
A flash from a welder's torch stripped an industry's gears.

John Zimmerman—LIFE

TIME CLOCK

(60%) has been closed since June. Said G.M. President Harlow Curtice after inspecting Livonia: "At this moment every facility . . . is being concentrated on the extensive rebuilding job that faces us . . . Curtice moved fast; this week took steps to lease 1,500,000 sq. ft. of idle Kaiser Motors Corp. space at Willow Run to set up an emergency transmission plant.

SELLING

Farewell to Chlorophyll?

Green toothbrush may soon go the way of pink toothbrush. Just at the peak of the chlorophyll rage, U.S. toothpaste makers are beginning to switch to "enzyme inhibitors," developed at Northwestern University's Dental School. The new theory is that tooth decay is caused by enzymes (*i.e.*, chemical agents produced by bacteria) turning sugars and starches into acids. Last week Lambert Co., Colgate, and Block Drug Co. were already hard at work on new anti-enzyme toothpastes, hope to have their new products on the market this fall. Said the American Dental Association: "The value of anti-enzymes . . . still remains to be demonstrated."

FISCAL

Splitting the Budget

When Manhattan Tax Expert Beardsey Rumf went to Washington eleven years ago to suggest some drastic revisions in the U.S. tax system, Congress eventually was impressed with one of his ideas; it adopted Rumf's pay-as-you-go income-tax system. Last week Rumf came to Washington with a new plan—to balance the budget.

If all excise taxes except those on liquor, tobacco and gasoline were removed, said Rumf, the Government would lose some \$3.4 billion in annual income. But no new taxes would have to be imposed to make up the difference. Reason: the present budget overstates tax needs by \$12 billion. Rumf listed four ways the budget should be trimmed:

¶ Some \$2 billion should be lopped off through greater efficiency and economy, both of which are prime goals of the Administration (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

¶ Capital assets which produce revenue, such as Federal National Mortgage Association mortgages and small-business loans, and assets intended to be resold, such as stockpile materials and agricultural surpluses, should not be listed as current expenses. Estimated saving: \$2 billion.

¶ Real-estate purchases, plutonium-producing atomic energy plants, construction of Government buildings and other similar investments should be organized as self-financing authorities, like municipal bridge and tunnel authorities, and raise money from private sources. Saving: \$4 billion.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Humphrey's campaign to put more of the public debt in the hands of individuals is beginning to pay off. So far this year, sales of series E and H savings bonds have soared 26% (to \$2.6 billion). Even more important, Americans have stopped cashing in savings bonds faster than they buy them.

UNION Pacific Railroad Co. is out to get more families to travel first class on its line. Next month, it will become the first U.S. railroad to offer special family rates on first-class tickets. Fathers will pay full fare, wives and all children under 22, half fare.

THE Rockefellers, heavy buyers of Manhattan real estate in recent months, have New Yorkers guessing over their latest acquisition: 80,000 sq. ft. of land across the Avenue of the Americas from Radio City Music Hall, for an undisclosed sum. A likely guess is that they plan to expand Rockefeller Center to provide more studio space for the expanding TV industry. Meanwhile Rockefeller Center, Inc. last week sold (then leased back) 60,000 sq. ft. of its land to Columbia University, which already owned the rest of the site. Price: \$5,500,000.

GOVERNMENT oil experts, who talked last spring of a coming surplus, have changed their tune. Now they expect oil demand to keep climbing for at least nine months, top last year by about 3.5%.

THE elevator trend to robot machines is growing. Otis Elevator Co. is building 30 operatorless elevators for Prudential's 41-story Chicago offices, and robot elevators now account for 75% of Otis' sales, v. only 12.6% in 1950.

ABIG battle is shaping up among farm implement makers. While Ford is preparing to jump in with a big new line of farm machinery (TIME, Aug. 10), British Inventor Harry Ferguson, once Henry Ford's

¶ The U.S. should go on a "cash consolidated budget," *i.e.*, include in its budgeted income such revenues as veterans' life-insurance premiums and social security payments, which are now set aside in separate trust funds. Gain: \$4 billion.

Many of Rumf's suggestions were not new. "It's just taking a lot of old lumber and a few nails," said he. "And making something out of them." To many a conservative Congressman, the Rumf plan seemed little more than a bookkeeping operation, reminiscent of the New Deal's brain-trust days. Admitted Rumf: "It's a bookkeeping operation, but not just a bookkeeping operation. It may be that in these years the splitting of the budget is more important than splitting the atom. We can't have a free economy with high taxes."

"only partner," is merging with Canada's Massey-Harris. With five plants in the U.S., four in Canada, and others in England, Scotland, South Africa, France and Germany, the new company, Massey-Harris-Ferguson, Ltd., will be the world's third largest farm implement maker, and plans to challenge International Harvester and Deere for first place.

EAST-West trade is steadily growing despite restrictions. New Zealand has quietly signed a deal to sell 500 tons of butter to Russia, and is dithering to ship even larger quantities of meat to Poland. Russian oil has begun to be sold in Italy, France and Argentina, and may soon be flowing in bigger quantities to Greece and half a dozen European countries currently negotiating barter agreements.

AUTO dealers are being warned by the National Automobile Dealers Association to stop talking about falling car prices (TIME, Aug. 3). Reason: dealers' gloomy talk has already caused cancellations to roll in from buyers. Says the association: "Sad songs are contagious."

CLEVELAND Industrialist Cyrus Eaton, who recently tightened his control over the big West Kentucky Coal Co., is reportedly negotiating for other non-union coal companies. His good friend John L. Lewis, a longtime Eaton collaborator, also figures in the deal. Coal operators believe that Eaton will dramatically accept unionization of his coal properties, and that Lewis' treasury will help finance Eaton's new coal ventures.

SMALL-BUSINESS Administrator William D. Mitchell is working on a new plan to help small businessmen: pools of local capital patterned after the Maine Development Credit Corp., which has loaned \$690,000 to small enterprises in the last two years. Mitchell hopes the pools will enable recession-hit cities like Portland, Ore. and Lawrence, Mass. to help themselves.

UTILITIES

Help for Diggers

Outside the little town of Plains, Texas last week, bulldozers, trenching machines and jeeps were busy working on El Paso Natural Gas Co.'s \$180 million pipeline across New Mexico and into Arizona. Along with the usual crews of laborers were two men equipped with some unusual tools—archeologists' spades, trowels, notebooks, cameras, maps and paper bags. They were part of a larger team of archeologists who will walk some 1,000 miles of the pipeline's right of way (including spurs in Colorado and Utah), scanning the surface for telltale signs of ancient Indian ruins before the bulldozers go to work. After the digging has started, they will retrace their steps to see what is

EXECUTIVE PAY

The Great Game of Gimmicks

LEWIS Carroll's Red Queen had to run as fast as she could to stay where she was. Many U.S. executives have the same feeling. When they get a raise, taxes take so much that they have little of it left in real income. To find other ways to reward them, U.S. industry is evolving a system of weird and complex devices known as "gimmicks." Says RCA's Chairman David Sarnoff: "You can't compete for executive talent today without a gimmick."

The problem of a \$175,000 executive who is able to keep only \$48,000 in take-home pay is not one calculated to arouse the sympathy of the average wage-earner. And the well-heeled executive, describing his unhappy plight in the Waldorf-Astoria bar or on the beach at Miami, is likely as not writing his entertainment or his vacation off on the company's expense account. But the problem of executive pay is nonetheless a real one to executives who are taking on greatly increased responsibilities with little or nothing to show for their efforts.

From 1939 to 1950, according to a survey of 41 major companies, the pay of top executives rose more than 35%, to an average of some \$60,000. But taxes and prices rose so much faster that the executives actually ended up with 59% less purchasing power than they had before the war. Faced with such facts & figures, it is only natural that businesses all over the U.S. are looking for new ways to pay their top men.

Among the oldest gimmicks for extra compensation are incentive bonuses. Many General Motors executives, for example, get their incomes doubled with liberal bonuses. But the major drawback to bonuses is that they are taxed as straight income (one top executive, who got a \$25,000 bonus, paid \$18,000 in taxes; used the rest to pay back what he had borrowed to pay the previous year's taxes).

To get around such heavy taxes, many companies use deferred salary and profit-sharing plans, under which payments are spread over a period of years, and may, for example, be paid after a man has retired and has a lower income to be taxed. Many such plans pour into the Bureau of Internal Revenue every day for approval. There are even gimmicks within gimmicks; under some conditions, an executive can legally sell his profit-sharing contract back to the company when he leaves, pay only a capital-gains tax on the proceeds.

Stock options are among the most popular forms of extra compensation.

They usually run for five or ten years, and give top men the right to buy stock in their companies for as little as 85% of the market price at the time the option is issued. Stock options have persuaded many a top executive to switch jobs. Example: Ford lured Executive Vice President Ernest Breech away from a top G.M. job by offering him an option to buy Dearborn Motors stock. James Nance quit Hotpoint's presidency (and a promising future in parent G.E.) to take over Packard, with an option to buy 200,000 shares of Packard stock at \$4 a share at any time until 1957 (current price of Packard stock: about \$5 a share).

Besides such BIR-approved plans, almost every company gives its top men special privileges that amount to extra compensation. An aluminum company keeps a lodge in Tennessee, with a nine-hole golf course, where its brass entertains top customers and gets some free relaxation in the process. Similarly, steel executives sometimes cruise the Great Lakes on ore boats which have been fitted out with sumptuous guest cabins and offer superb cuisine. Some oil-company tankers have guest cabins almost as luxurious as anything on the *Queen Mary*. One big electrical-equipment company recently bought a fancy yacht on which its executives can entertain customers—and themselves. An Akron rubber company sometimes uses its Arizona experimental farm as a dude ranch for officials. A Detroit company offers the choice of two vacation spots: an apartment house in Florida, a resort hotel on a Michigan lake. Some Southern textile mills, scrambling for executive talent, provide free housing, even free servants.

All these devices may be a tribute to the ingenuity of big business. But they may sometimes be more a hindrance than a help to its efficiency. Many promising younger executives leave big business altogether to try to start ventures of their own, in hopes of turning a capital gain at a lower tax rate.

So long as the tax structure continues to take so big a bite from top-bracket salaries, U.S. industry's great gimmick game will continue, and corporations will keep on looking for new and even more ingenious ways of paying their best men rewards commensurate with their contributions. But their ingenuity may be taxed still more when the excess-profits tax expires next January. Then many of the company-paid luxuries now winked at as business expenses may suddenly look too expensive to be continued.

found. Sponsor and paymaster of the expedition: El Paso Natural Gas.

El Paso first got mixed up with buried historical treasures when it started a smaller, 450-mile pipeline from New Mexico to Arizona three years ago. The National Park Service, backed by a federal law barring the disturbance of Indian relics, asked El Paso's President Paul Kayser, 65, to let archaeologists inspect the right-of-way before the bulldozers chewed up any valuable finds. Kayser, alert to a chance for some unusual public-relations, agreed to more than that. He promised that El Paso would pay all the costs and underwrite a follow-up study to boot.

As the pipeline progressed, no fewer than 140 new archaeological sites were uncovered by Park Service diggers. Hundreds of valuable relics were found, some of them dating back 4,000 years, and El Paso earned the good will of museums and scientists everywhere. Congratulations poured in from all over the world. Even the King of Sweden, a noted promoter of archaeological research, sent an appreciative message.

In its new pipeline venture, El Paso will spend an estimated \$50,000 on archaeology, hopes to uncover still more ancient treasures. (More than 22 likely looking sites have already been found, one of them dating back thousands of years.) The scientists hope that other pipeline companies will take a leaf from El Paso's book, include archaeology as a normal cost of future pipeline construction.

TEXTILES

The Pride of Uxbridge

In New England's depressed textile industry, it is standard procedure these days to operate on a part-time basis, filling orders if & when they come in. But last week one New England mill, Bachmann Uxbridge Worsted Corp., of Uxbridge, Mass., was so busy that it was working three shifts six days a week, had so many unfilled orders that employees agreed to postpone their annual vacations. To many a hard-hit New England textile man, Bachmann Uxbridge's prosperity looks like some sort of dark magic. But President Harold J. (for John) Walter, 52, explains it as just the payoff of common sense.

Walter believes that any New England textile mill which keeps its machinery modern and its research ahead of the pack can compete successfully with Southern mills. Since World War II alone, Walter has spent \$14 million on improving and modernizing his plant. He rebuilt his main factory, installed air conditioning, and new machinery, much of which was developed by Bachmann Uxbridge's own research laboratory. Result: output per worker has increased as much as 75%, and Uxbridge is now considered one of the most modern woolen and worsted mills in New England.

"Woolen and worsted mill" is now something of a misnomer for Bachmann Uxbridge. While some woolen and worsted men cursed synthetics, Walter joined the enemy, became one of the nation's first

• Putting ideas to work for Pest Control Engineering



You never miss with pest-killing mists

Vicious insect pests, from the common disease-spreading housefly and his cohort, the mosquito, to multitudes of other malicious bugs, are a constant menace to everything that lives and grows. These merciless marauders can be curbed only through the proper application of combative chemicals. To protect orchards, farms, ranches and home gardens with these spray materials, FMC's John Bean Division pioneered in the development of power spraying equipment. Now, John Bean agricultural sprayers from giant capacity orchard machines down to compact portable garden units produce powerful penetrative pest-killing mists—that are more than bugs can take.

1. Designed for commercial orchard spraying, the John Bean Speed Sprayer* can protect 100 or more acres of mature fruit trees a day.

2.But when it's a backyard job, the new compact John Bean Spray-Pal is just right for home gardens.

*Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

**John
BEAN**



Trade Mark

FOOD MACHINERY AND CHEMICAL

CORPORATION

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: SAN JOSE 6, CALIFORNIA

DIVISIONS: Bolens Products • Canning Machinery • Florida • John Bean • Mechanical Foundries • Niagara Chemical • Ohio-Apex • Packing Equipment
Peerless Pump • Westvaco Chemical • Buffalo Electro-Chemical Co. • SUBSIDIARIES: Mowomatic Corp. • Propulsion Engine Corp. • Simplex Packaging
Machinery • Sonith Industries • Stokes & Smith Co. • Oakes Manufacturing Co. • Kingsbury & Davis Machine Co. • Milwaukee Equipment Manufacturing Co.



FMC MATERIALS HANDLING EQUIPMENT



NIAGARA AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS



WESTVACO INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS



IN-E ROTARY TILLER



DECCO PEROXYSIN CHEMICALS



SWIN RANE PORTABLE IRRIGATION SYSTEMS



We Balk at Jabberwocky Talk!

WE HAVE many, many exciting features we could describe in recommending the Hotel New Yorker to you—but not—we are not going off the deep end. Instead, we will sum them all up in this one easy-to-understand, easy-to-prove sentence: *If you stop here once you will come again because this is now New York's greatest hotel value!*

HOTEL New Yorker

NEW YORK
Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Voit, General Manager

AIR-CONDITIONED

In Washington, it's always delightfully cool at the world-famous Mayflower where the lobby, restaurants and guest rooms are completely and pleasantly air-conditioned.
A Name of International Fame.



The Mayflower
WASHINGTON, D.C.
C. J. Mack, V.P. & Gen. Mgr. A MILTON HOTEL

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

Once you cast your eyes on this site, you're caught—hook, line and sinker.



CHALFONTE HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 63 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 5

makers of wool and synthetic blends. He pioneered in the blending of wool with rayon, the wool-nylon serge now used by the Army, and the Air Force blue uniform material. After World War II, he started experimenting with such new man-made fibers as Dacron and Orlon; now Uxbridge is one of the largest users of synthetics in the woolen and worsted field. Says President Walter: "Wool will never be replaced as a basic fabric. But the textile industry is taking to synthetics in much the same way as the steel industry took to alloys."

Under Wraps. Colorado-born Harold Walter went into the textile business 30 years ago against his better judgment. After graduating from the University of Colorado ('21), he wanted to go into the packing business with his father, but his fiancée brought him to New England instead, to work for her father, general manager and half-owner of what was then called the Uxbridge Worsted Co. Having married the boss's daughter, Walter took a job as apprentice mill hand on a one-year trial, liked it so well that he stayed on. He advanced to overseer, superintendent and assistant general manager; when his father-in-law died in 1932, 31-year-old Walter took over as operating boss.

Walter not only licked the Depression, but added six plants (including three in the South), and in 21 years built volume from \$8,000,000 to a rate of nearly \$60 million a year and a six-month profit of more than \$500,000 in 1953.

Drafters & Slashers. Dissatisfied with the archaic techniques of the worsted industry, Walter started experimenting with new equipment. Working alone or with machine toolmakers Warner & Swasey, Bachmann Uxbridge developed a raft of new equipment, some of which has since become standard in the worsted industry: the Pin Drafter, which is a more efficient machine for drawing wool into strands prior to spinning; a more efficient slasher, which coats the yarn with a chemical to make it stronger; an automatic spray device for oiling and tinting yarn; a labor-saving tacking machine for holding fabrics together while they are being processed; an automatic fabric-marking device for identifying suppliers.

Bachmann Uxbridge also developed a new marking chalk which it sells to competitors and which pays for much of the company's chemical research program. Early in 1951, Walter started turning out poodle cloth, which is still its biggest seller in the women's wear field. Its latest development, still under wraps in the company's laboratory: a revolutionary method of making worsted yarn at a lower cost.

INSURANCE

Long Shot

Boston's John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. last week announced one of the biggest percentage returns in insurance history. The award went to Edward L. Long, 22, who set up a building partnership in Massachusetts last May with Charles K. Hammond, 24. Each took out



James Caine

PRESIDENT WALTER & MILL HAND
He joined the enemy.

a routine life-insurance policy on the other; a few weeks later, Hammond was killed in an auto wreck. On the policy, Long had paid only one premium, totaling exactly \$30. His award: \$57,325.38.

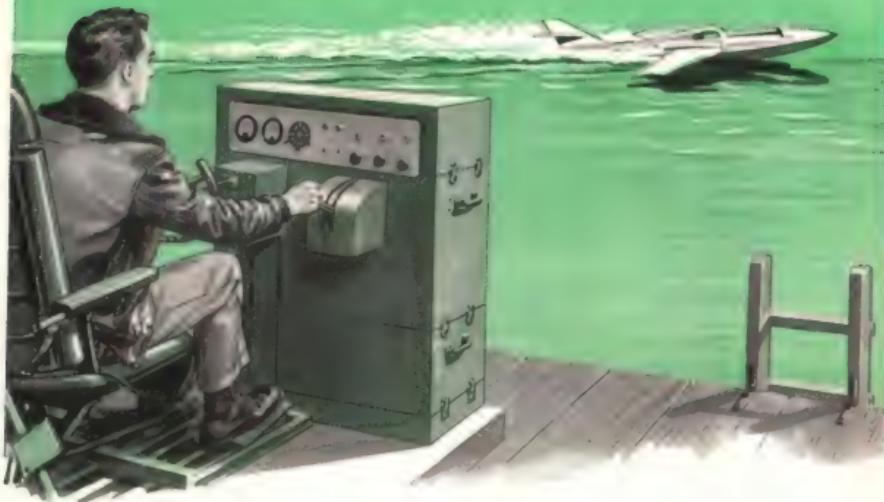
GOVERNMENT Good Housekeeper

In the three months since he left his Chicago textile company to take on the world's biggest housekeeping job, General Services Administrator Edmund F. Mansure, 52, has found so many ways to save the Government money that he is becoming almost as legendary an economizer as was parsimonious Cal Coolidge. Mansure is so meticulous that when eating beef hash, he separates the meat from the potatoes. Unlike most bureaucrats who throw away paper clips, Mansure keeps his until he has a big enough pile to turn over to his secretary. Aware that time is also money, he saves it with staff warnings: "Observe the three B's—be brief, be bright and be gone. On all communications to me and to our staff, observe the fourth B—boil it down."

What Mansure has been boiling down is Government fat. Last week saw two typical Mansurian economies. To provide the new Foreign Economic Policy Commission with new office furniture would have cost \$17,400. Instead, he moved the agency into the space of the liquidated Wage Stabilization Board. Cost: \$6,092. Mansure also produced a new procurement form which does in six pages and for about \$5 worth of paper work what used to take as many as 35 pages and \$10 worth of paper work.

Start at Home. Mansure found plenty of room to start economizing in his own department, which manages more than 5,000 Government buildings, buys \$430 million worth of supplies yearly for federal agencies, stores enough records to fill

How to Fly a Jet-Powered Seaplane *...Before it's Built*



With experienced pilots on the job at ground-based control panels, tiny and supersensitive radio equipment makes it possible to test radically new hull designs that promise a new weapon—jet-propelled seaplanes—for the Nation's defense.

Radio control equipment, on the ground and in the plane, helps save millions of dollars and months of time in plane development—by checking actual performance while designs are still in the stage of easily modified scale models. To do their job effectively, radio controls must perform with the greatest precision—must respond to every pilot command in a split second.

Mallory electronic components—sensitive, extremely

accurate controls . . . dependably uniform capacitors—work in both ground control equipment and airborne receiving sets to help designers and pilots find the answers to faster, more versatile seaplanes.

But controls and capacitors are only two of the many precision-made products developed and manufactured by Mallory—leader in electronics research and production.

Manufacturers whose products or processes touch the fields of electronics, electrochemistry and metallurgy, will find it to their advantage to put Mallory's specialized abilities and products to work for them. Call or write Mallory today.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Electromechanical • Resistors, Switches, Television Tuners, Vibrators
Electrochemical • Capacitors, Rectifiers, Mercury Batteries
Metallurgical • Contacts, Special Metals and Ceramics, Welding Materials

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

~ ONE BILLION DOLLARS ~

Since January 1, 1953, Lehman Brothers managed, alone or jointly, or participated in the following

**STATE, MUNICIPAL, REVENUE and AUTHORITY
bond issues aggregating over \$1,000,000,000.**

• 4,745,000 Akron City School District, Ohio 2 3/4%, Bonds, Due 1954-1964	• \$ 32,000,000 State of Oregon 2 3/4%, 2 1/2%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1954-68
• 4,630,000 Bayonne, N.J., Sewage System 4% Bonds, Due 1959-73	† 33,350,000 Philadelphia, Pa. 4%, 3 1/4%, 3 3/4% Bonds, Due 1955-67
• 100,000,000 State of California Veterans' 2 3/4%, 3 1/4%, 3 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-73	• 21,000,000 Puerto Rico Water Resources Auth., Electric 4 3/4%, 4 4/5%, 5 1/2%, 5 3/4% Bonds, Due 1952-72
• 100,000,000 Delaware River Port Authority 4%, 3 1/4%, 3 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1957-73 & 1963	• 10,000,000 San Diego County Water Dist., Calif. 3 1/2%, 3 3/4%, 4 1/2%, 4 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-73
• 13,500,000 District of Columbia, Electricity (Munic.) 2 3/4%, 3 1/4%, 3 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1957-63	† 15,000,000 State of South Carolina 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-68
• 12,500,000 Erie Basin Range Park, Pa. Consolidated Sch. Dist. No. 1 2 1/4%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-72	• 20,000,000 State of Washington School 4%, 2 1/4% Bonds, Due 1955-63
• 3,000,000 Flint, Michigan, Water Supply System Rev. 3 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1954-63	† 3,000,000 Wichita, Kansas, School 4%, 2 1/4%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-73
• 2,700,000 Galtville, Texas, Sewer System Revenue 3 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1953-63	
• 43,300,000 Georgia, State, Water System Revenue 4%, 2 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1954-71	
• 3,000,000 City and County of Honolulu, Hawaii 5%, 3 1/2%, 4%, 3 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-63	
• 172,315,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 2 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 3 1/2%, 3 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-63	
• 16,200,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 2 1/2%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-63	
• 10,400,000 New York City Housing Authority Various Tax Year Bonds	
• 8,733,000 New Orleans, Water System Revenue 5%, 4%, 3 3/4%, 3 3/8%, 3 1/2% & 2 3/8% Bonds, Due 1954-64	
• 5,925,000 Houston, Texas 3 1/2%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-78	
• 5,500,000 Kansas City, Kansas, Water & Electric, L. Plant Rev. 3 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 1 1/2% & 1 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-63	
• 8,500,000 Kansas City, Missouri, Water Revenue 3 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 2 1/2%, 2 1/4% Bonds, Due 1953-78	
• 5,000,000 Louisville, Texas, Sewer Revenue 3 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 2 1/2% Bonds, Due 1957-68	
• 30,000,000 Los Angeles, Calif., Sch. Districts 2 1/2% Bonds, Due 1954-78	
• 12,000,000 Los Angeles, California 4 3/4%, 2 1/4%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-73	
• 7,995,000 Memphis, Tenn. 2 3/8%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1954-63	
• 27,100,000 Miami, Florida, Sewer Disposal & Sewer Rev. 4%, 3 1/2%, 2 3/4%, 4 3/8%, 4 1/2%, 4%, 4 1/4% Bonds, Due 1957-67	
• 4,500,000 Mobile, Alabama 3 1/4% Bonds, Due 1953-70	
• 3,700,000 Mobile, Alabama, Water Service Rev. 4 1/4% Bonds, Due 1957-68	
• 27,094,000 Monroe County, New York 3 3/8% Bonds, Due 1954-67	
• 150,000,000 New Jersey Sewer Authority 4%, 3 1/2%, 3 3/4%, 3 1/2% Bonds, Due 1954-68	
• 125,000,000 New York State Thruway Authority 4 1/2%, 4 3/8%, 2 4/8%, 2 1/4%, 2 3/4% Bonds, Due 1953-64	

Manager or Joint Manager

* Participant

This is not an offering of any securities. A list of current offerings of tax exempt securities will be sent on request.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

One William Street, New York

August 13, 1993



Walter Bennett

GSA's MANSURE

who rates a \$1,400 sedan, to use a \$365 secondhand Mercury instead.

Sort the Trash. Mansure has even found treasure in the Government's trash baskets. GSA housekeepers, in the first six months of this year, swept up 9,000 tons of wastepaper and sold it for \$104,343, compared to a Democratic take of \$54,219 for a similar period last year. The reason: instead of wasting paper by heaving it all into one basket, GSA trashmen now sort the scrap into eight piles graded according to recovery value. Thus old income-tax records bring \$60 a ton, engineering maps \$50, and corrugated containers \$20, while mixed scrap formerly brought a meager \$8 a ton.

Mansure has added to the take by a strenuous campaign to clean out old Government files. Result: for the first time in federal history, the Government two months ago began throwing away old files faster than it filled new ones. Such space saving has enabled Mansure to cut the Government's leased office and warehouse space 10%, and he expects to lop off another 10%.

A message to TIME's readers in industry about one of the reasons why so many U. S. businesses advertise in TIME.



The bigger they are, the harder to reach

YOU may remember seeing in a recent issue of TIME a group of advertisements from 12 leading institutions located in the Delaware Valley. These 12 separate firms got together for one purpose—to attract new industry to their area. And they all agreed on just one medium for their joint promotion—TIME.

Again and again you will see in TIME's pages advertising that has a large-scale objective like this—advertising designed to effect major company moves or purchasing decisions.

That is because TIME is often the only advertising entree to the mind of the key man who can give a big idea the final nod of approval.

In any company, as you know, the men who make the top policy decisions are likely to be the hardest men to see. The demands on their time are great, and of necessity such men become inaccessible to all but a few callers.

The demands on their reading time are equally great. And so they are highly selective in what they read.

It is significant that advertisers who want to

reach these hard-to-get customers invariably choose TIME to attract their attention.

TIME, of course, is read thoroughly each week by more than 1,700,000 families—and this includes people in all kinds of responsible positions in all areas of management.

The scope of TIME's coverage—TIME's selection and organization of each week's significant news—the literate and entertaining way in which TIME tells the news . . . all these make TIME vital reading.

In short, everywhere a man goes in his business or social life, he will hear TIME being discussed and argued about and quoted from. Of all magazines, it is the one whose word carries most weight with his friends and associates, and the one he himself cannot afford to ignore.

That is why companies of any size—with a big message to register with a lot of responsible people—use the advertising pages of TIME.

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



"FOR VARIETY,
spice your life with **MYERS**"

Traditional dark **MYERS** Jamaica Rum

"Planters' Punch" Brand
not too heavy...
not too light...

but just right

Write for FREE
Rum Recipe Booklet

R. W. Delosso & Co., Inc., Dept. B,
455 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

97 Proof



We Pamper Your Car!

Drive right into the Sherman—the only drive-in hotel in Chicago! No waiting for busy doormen when you arrive—no waiting for delivery when you drive away. And your car is bedded down with all the care we show our guests... and protected from outside grime and risk... always immaculate and ready for your orders.

THE **SHERMAN** CHICAGO'S MOST CONVENIENT HOTEL

Garage entrance on
La Salle St. at Randolph
Telephone: Franklin 2-2100
Teletype: CG 1387



Ahmed Ali

CIGARETTE SALESMAN IN INDIA

In South Africa, Palmolive jaag die skilfers weg.

off another 7% before next July. A by-product of the housecleaning is that GSA last year bought 96,000 file cabinets at \$60 apiece. This year it will need only 8,000 new ones.

ADVERTISING

Hucksters Abroad

Up India's Hooghly River one day last February sailed a weird vessel which made even the drowsiest citizens rub their eyes. It looked like a Viking galley, and standing in its prow were warriors dressed like Viking sea kings of old. At Calcutta's Outram Ghat pier, one stepped ashore and delivered a pole-sized replica of a new cigarette made by India's Imperial Tobacco Co. Its name: Sea King.

The visitation was a publicity stunt staged by Chicago's Grant Advertising, Inc., which, with 21 offices in 17 lands, bills itself as the world's biggest international ad network (56% of its accounts are foreign).¹⁰ Last week, at a meeting of its 21 foreign office managers, the hucksters swapped yarns on how admen's problems and solutions vary in different lands. Samples:

- ¶ In India, where kissing in public is taboo, the best one can do is depict a couple exchanging moonstruck gazes.
- ¶ In Hong Kong, the color blue is not used in ads, because it is not associated with good luck.
- ¶ To describe the "dip-free" Sheaffer Snorkel pens in South Africa, Grant had to find a substitute for dip (*doop*), which means "baptize" in Afrikaans.
- ¶ The reason sales of one toothpaste boomed in Lima, Peru while toothbrush

¹⁰ Grant, with \$48 million in billings, was ninth among U.S. ad agencies last year.

sales sagged was that natives were eating the paste as candy. In South Africa, a sudden liking for a hairdressing was due to natives' using it as a sandwich spread.

¶ In Afrikaans, Palmolive's commercial, sung to the tune of "A Tisket, A Tasket," goes like this:

Palm-Olyf haar middel, Palm-Olyf haar middel.

Hou u hare heedlig netjies,
Palm-Olyf haar middel, die familie haars middel,
Jaag die skilfers weg.

Translation:

Palmolive hair tonic, Palmolive hair tonic,

Keep your hair neat all the day,
Palmolive hair tonic, the family hair tonic,
Chases the dandruff away.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bigger Yields. Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) announced a new refining process called fluid coking, which gets 10% to 20% more gasoline and home-heating fuels from a barrel of crude. In Standard's process, the heavy crude residue is bombarded with a fluidlike stream of hot, finely divided coke particles, which causes it to vaporize, re-form as useful, light petroleum products.

Lemon Suds. A sudsing powdered detergent that gives off a lemon fragrance and kills germs in the family wash was put on sale by Essential Chemicals Co. of Milwaukee. "Trust" is claimed to be safe for all washable fabrics and surfaces, is equally effective in hot or cold, hard or soft water. Price: 98¢ per 19-oz. box.



A MERICAN

Next time business takes you out of town, take this tip for a perfect trip: Leave your own car at home and enjoy the convenience of the Plane-Auto plan to make more sales in less time.

A IR

Way up there, you'll look down on crowded highways—and be glad you're settled in the restful ease of a Flagship seat. In a matter of hours you'll arrive, relaxed and refreshed.

A VIS

You'll step off your Flagship and into a new model Avis Rent-a-Car—yours to drive as long as you're in town. Modest rental rates include gas, oil, insurance and maintenance.

A UTO

Avis cars can be rented in over 250 cities and airports throughout the world. Just order an Avis Rent-a-Car when you book your Flagship flight—and use your Air Travel Card for both.



AMERICAN AIRLINES INC. AND
América's Leading Airline

AVIS RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM

A LIMITED NUMBER OF AVIS RENT-A-CAR FRANCHISES STILL AVAILABLE
Write: 10734 Fullerton Ave., Detroit 4, Mich.

BOOKS

Repeat Performance

TIME AND TIME AGAIN [306 pp.]—James Hilton—Atlantic-Little, Brown [\$3.75].

The hero of this story is a sliver off the old Chip. The rest of the characters are sawdust. But there is every sign that James Hilton, an author who rarely takes any wooden nickels, will do just as well with this book as with its seven sentimental, bestselling predecessors. Hilton's *Random Harvest*, *The Story of Dr. Wassell, So Well Remembered* have sold more than a million copies each, and *Lost Horizon* and *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips* have each sold more than 3,000,000. *Time and Time Again* is already on its way into several hundred thousand American bookcases as the September selection of the Literary Guild.

Like *Chips*, the story opens with the hero well on in years and quietly resigned to his own mediocrity. Charles Anderson has the rank of a first secretary in the British Foreign Service and the fate of an also-ran in life. He is a bit stuffy, old-fashioned, well-liked, fond of making mildly witty remarks and coated with "a thin crust of mannerism." At the beginning of Chapter Two comes the flashback. Charles is seen as a boy, at Brookfield, where his master is the original Mr. Chips, called back for a brief return engagement. Author Hilton leads Charles through the pangs of first love with a girl whose cockney accent is acceptable because of her large violet eyes; on through the placid joys of marriage with a vigorous woman who is killed in the blitz, and the complexities of getting to know his 17-year-old son. In the end, Charles, after a lifetime as a dark horse, is rapidly closing in on an American filly, who is too old for his son but not too young for him.

Dark & Bloody Ground

BROTHER TO DRAGONS [232 pp.]—Robert Penn Warren—Random House [\$3.50].

Just before the earthquake hit on the night of Dec. 15, 1811, there were some truly terrible doings out at the Lewis place in old Kentucky. Doc Lewis' son Lilburn had murdered his manservant George with an ax. Then, before the terrified eyes of his younger brother Isham and the other slaves, the body was thrown on the fire, the flesh burned off, the bones gathered and buried. What was young George's crime to fetch such dire punishment? He had broken a pitcher that had been prized by the boys' dead mother.

The murder did not stay hidden long, and one day the sheriff came around to the Lewis place. Found out, the boys agreed to kill each other with pistols as they stood over their mother's grave. Isham did his part, and Lilburn went down dying. But Lilburn failed to kill his brother. Isham, unscratched, was



ROBERT PENN WARREN
With love and an ax.

tried, convicted and sentenced to hang. Instead, he broke out of jail, and later the rumor went that he was killed in New Orleans, fighting against the British under Andy Jackson.

What gave this true, grim story its special interest was the fact that the Lewis boys were nephews of Tom Jefferson; their mother was Lucy Jefferson of Virginia, the President's sister. For Poet-Novelist Robert Penn Warren (*All the King's Men*), this was enough to induce a stream of narrative free verse that runs to book length, with a cast that includes the shade of the murdered George, the



AUBREY MENEN
Sacred cows and dirty bathwater.

murderers, their parents, and Tom Jefferson himself. Author Warren takes the part of commentator and uninhibited amateur psychiatrist. Stripped of its turgid pretenses, *Brother to Dragons* asks two questions: 1) why did Lilburn do it? 2) how could Thomas Jefferson reconcile his own noble ideals with so dark a deed done by men of his own blood?

In trying to answer these questions, Author Warren clutters up the story and gives it a bogie by putting long-winded rationalizations into Jefferson's mouth. Southern violence has always had a heady appeal for Warren, and villainous hot-heads seem to have some lien on his sympathies. Even in *All the King's Men*, the Huey Long-like Willie Stark was perhaps handled with too much solicitude. Now, in *Brother to Dragons*, Lilburn's crime is so hedged in by sympathy that it sometimes seems as if poor George should have been proud to be dismembered by so tragically troubled a man as Lilburn. Says Author Warren of his murderer-hero:

No, Lilburn had no truck with the Evil One,
But knew that all he did was done for good,
For his mother and the sweetness of the heart,
And that's the instructive fact of history,
That evil's done for good, and in good's name—

Robert Penn Warren, a poet of proven gifts (*Thirty-Six Poems, Selected Poems, 1923-1943*), took more than seven years, off & on, to write this book. But for all the labor and the love he spent, it is a narrative poem which almost never achieves the emotional disturbance and enlightenment of true poetry, is too often content with such smothering lines as

The victims of the obsolescent labor system
Had been conditioned, by appeals to the ego,
To identify themselves with the representative
Of the subordinate group, i.e., the mistress—
In other words, they liked her "tol-bul well."

Man Without a Country

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET [203 pp.]—Aubrey Menen—Scribner [\$3].

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble," lamented Job. But trouble fairly brims over when a man is born, as was Aubrey Menen, of an Irishwoman and a Hindu, is registered as a native Briton and educated like a true-born Englishman. Beset by so many distorting mirrors, such a man is bound to see the baffling jigsaw puzzle of his identity with either tears or laughter. Novelist Menen (*The Prevalence of Witches*, *The Duke of Goliadoro*) chooses laughter.

It is not the sort of hearty comedy that rolls 'em in the aisles, but a Deep Freeze

mixture of the sardonic and the downright mean. *Dead Man in the Silver Market* is ostensibly an autobiographical treatise on what happens to patriotic ardor when it becomes decadent and jingo. But it reads more like a sharp essay by a man who has no country to be patriotic about.

The English, says Menen, did not shun or scorn the dark-skinned little boy who grew up among them. On the contrary, they tried their best to make him feel at home—and tried so hard that he felt just the opposite. Menen's schoolteachers assured him that, despite his Indian complexion, he was heir, "by virtue of my birth certificate," to all the wonderful inner characteristics that made Englishmen the most cultured, most advanced, most notable people in the world. They even argued that, despite his Indo-Irish parentage, he had, if he tried hard, an excellent chance of growing into an honest man.

In 1924, when Menen was twelve, he was summoned to India by his grandmother, a formidable, high-caste Hindu of Malabar, whose views were quite unlike his English teachers' but equally definite. She received him "formally," i.e., seated on the floor (she considered chairs unspeakably vulgar), with "her breasts completely bare." "A wife who dressed herself above the waist," she explained, "could only be aiming at adultery."

Grandma carried Menen's confusion a step further by explaining why no decent Hindu could want to become a Briton. The British were so foul and insensitive a race that they never bathed more than once a day, and thought nothing of actually sitting in their dirty bathwater. Lewdness and promiscuity they accounted virtues, for which reason they permitted their children to marry only when they were long past the age of chastity. They were so shameless that instead of retiring to a dark corner to eat, they engorged grossly at a public table, where all & sundry might witness the repellent act of masturbation. Nothing, concluded Grandma, could redeem Menen's Irish mother (to whom she always referred flatly as "the Englishwoman," much irking Mrs. Menen), but if Aubrey wanted to become a true son of Malabar and inherit the family wealth, it was not too late. He had only to quaff a goblet of sacred cow's urine and "the sad accident of being born in London" would be forgotten.

But poor young Menen could not down the "magic potion." Too Indian ever to be English, too much a John Bull to fancy sacred cows, Menen stumbled on into displaced maturity. Out of fairness, he made one effort to see if De Valera's Eire were perhaps his true homeland; but a tour of the country on which he was asked to admire 200 "crosses of white marble," each inscribed: A MARTYR TO BRITISH IMPERIALISM, turned him positively black & tan with irritation.

Menen now lives in a sunny villa near

* The title is drawn from an episode in which an Indian is killed by a British soldier in Old Delhi's silver market.

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Naples, where no one, presumably, bothers to assure him that he is Indian, English, Irish or, indeed, anything but himself. The remainder of his book is composed of scathing studies of British and Indian follies and foibles, and gibes at the intolerant, absurd dogma which racial smugness arouses in people of every race. *Dead Man* is coldly planned and excellently written, but it has one (characteristically English) weakness which takes much of the punch out of it. This is Author Menen's insistence that his hybrid self is a purely satirical and intellectual matter. Betraying suffering or pain, he evidently feels, would be as improper as being caught sitting in one's dirty bathwater.

Sex on the Veld

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE (276 pp.)—
Alan Paton—Saunders (\$3.50).

One night a small-town cop in South Africa got drunk and took a black woman into the bushes. This, in plain words, is the subject of Alan Paton's second novel, *Too Late the Phalarope*. However, as readers of his first novel well know, Author Paton does not write in plain words. The prose in *Cry, the Beloved Country* sounded to some like the language of a very gifted high-school senior who has cried Tom Wolfe once too often. To others, especially to those who were not disturbed to find the rhythms of the King James Version forced on secular prose, it sounded like the voice of a new prophet, crying in the wilderness of South Africa. But most critics agreed that Author Paton had a very compelling manner, if not a truly original style, and that he had painstakingly wedded manner to matter, especially in describing the life of his beloved country and the tragedy of the Negro in South African society.

In his new book, Paton's manner has become far more tedious; the treatment

of the subject matter far less convincing. Pieter van Vlaanderen, the policeman, faces the problems of a full-blooded man who suffers from a prudish wife, a puritanical society and his own rigidly conventional conscience. So, after a long moral struggle that talked about a great deal but hardly described at all, he gives in to his lust and goes after the girl Stephanie. By the scheming of a subordinate on the police force, he is caught, tried, and sent to jail (under South Africa's Immorality Act). His father, a stern old Boer, scratches his name out of the family Bible and quietly dies. His wife leaves him. The whole family is ostracized by the community. "And I grieve for him," writes Paton, "and the house he has made to fall with him, not as with Samson the house of his enemies, but the house of his own flesh and blood. And I grieve for the nation which gave him birth, that left the trodden and the known for the vast and secret continent, and made there songs of *heimwee* and longing, and the iron laws."

It is all very well for Author Paton to indulge in such threnodies for his hero, rather in the manner of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. But if he had called off his chorus now and then and given his characters some elbow room, he might at least have made *Too Late the Phalarope* a little clearer than its title. The phalarope (a small bird like a sandpiper) serves Author Paton as a symbol for innocence. Hard to say just why,

Reconstruction Blues

THE UNCONQUERED (689 pp.)—Ben Ames Williams—Thomas Allen (\$5).

Ben Ames Williams was that rare creature, a historical novelist who cared about history. When he died last February at 63, he had written some 30 books (which sold 5,200,000 copies), many of them forming a kind of family album of the U.S. in wartime. *Come Spring* was a tale of Revolutionary days. *Thread of Scarlet* a close-up of the War of 1812. *House Divided* took in four sprawling years of Confederate history. The books were honest, unspun, but engagingly readable—triumphs of plausibility and painstaking research.

The *Unconquered*, published posthumously, is a sequel to *House Divided*. The new novel picks up the high-living Curran clan where the Civil War left most Southern aristocrats—at loose ends with few means. Trav Curran feels that the South should stop crying over spilled juleps and buckle down to hard work. He takes off for New Orleans with his wife, teen-age daughter and son, and sets himself up in the budding cottonseed oil business. But the other Curraans lack Trav's gift for walking clean-footed through the mire of Reconstruction days. Wife Enid dawdles in bed till noon and takes an occasional snifter of opium to blot out the memory of magnolias. Daughter Lucy commits the heresy of falling in love with a Yankee lieutenant from Maine. (Trav actually likes the young man.) Son Peter turns Dixie chauvinist and joins one of a dozen Klannish clubs bent on terrorizing



John Bachor

NOVELIST WILLIAMS
Tales of a Southern snake pit.

Negroes out of their newly gained rights.

Between the lines of these personal dilemmas, Author Williams sketches in the snake-pit struggles of Copperheads, scalawags and carpetbaggers, the cancerous ministry of fear between black and white that gradually chokes all love. As gory as any 30-page stretch in recent literature is the book's account of the slaying of some 50 Negroes in the Mechanics Institute massacre of 1866.

Before the characters stop singing and living the Reconstruction Blues, upright Trav Curran's family is caught up in a veritable carnival of killing. *The Unconquered* is standard Williams, with the familiar faults, the familiar virtues, and a not too novel moral: that the post-bellum South poisoned its wells too deeply to drink anything but violence for generations.

RECENT & READABLE

THE NARROWS, by Ann Petry. Passion and violence between black and white in an unexpected setting: respectable Connecticut (TIME, Aug. 17).

FABRILIAN OF THE YARD, by Robert Fabrillan. A brilliant former Scotland Yardman tells about his most interesting cases (TIME, Aug. 17).

STORIES IN THE MODERN MANNER. A soft-cover collection of 14 hard-shelled short stories, by such highbrow authors as Alberto Moravia and Marcel Aymé. Good and reasonably clean fun (TIME, Aug. 10).

TORMENT, by Pérez Galdós. A Spanish classic, by a novelist who has been called Spain's Balzac; published in the U.S. for the first time (TIME, Aug. 3).

I WAS A CAPTIVE IN KOREA, by Philip Deane. A war correspondent's vivid account of 33 months of Communist imprisonment (TIME, July 27).

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS, by Bertrand Russell. Sardonic stories by an aging philosopher turned fictioneer (TIME, July 20).



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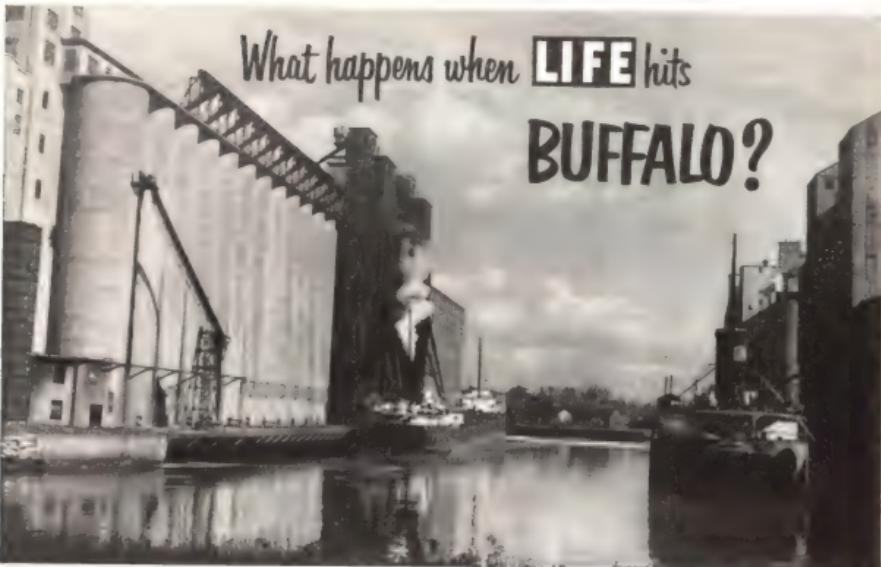
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ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON Store Pres. R. B. Adam: "We build on national brands. Major credit for our merchandising success is due to LIFE."



LOBLAW, INC. Supermarkets Pres. J. R. Peachey: "Ads in LIFE pre-sell Loblaw customers. Its stories on food stimulate the public's appetite as well as its interest."

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COVER GIRL and former model, Peggy Lloyd is now Mrs. Herbert B. Scheuer, Jr. She says: "After appearing in LIFE, I was swamped by letters. It meant more jobs for me and certainly changed my life."

*Source: *A Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE reader is anyone 10 years or older who has read one or more of 13 issues.



TRAFFIC COPS were featured in LIFE story on safety. Says Lt. W. A. Adams: "Fatal traffic accidents declined after the story appeared. People showed new alertness."

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BETHLEHEM STEEL Gen. Mgr. B. F. Martin: "LIFE brings world news to millions, tells the inside story of industry."



FEDDERS-QUIGAN Gen. Mgr. A. J. De Fino: "LIFE's great promotion value gives us high conversion from query to sale."

MISCELLANY

Next Case, Please. In El Cajon, Calif., on trial for burglary, Theodore Watts interrupted his attorney's arguments, told the judge: "Let's stop this farce. I'm guilty and should be sent to jail."

Politics as Usual. In Hiland Park, Fla., 282 people went to the polls, elected C. T. Hartzog mayor, four other citizens as town commissioners, then voted down a proposal to incorporate the community, thereby leaving the newly elected officials without a town to govern.

Road Test. In Prince George, Va., nabbed for speeding 65 to 80 m.p.h., Johnnie M. Marshall pointed to the woman beside him, confided to police: "I was just trying to frighten my mother-in-law."

Consumer Resistance. Near Santa Rosa, Calif., outraged when Bartender Carl Curtis told them that beer was 25¢ a bottle, four bar patrons decided to walk out, tarried long enough to knock down Curtis, take \$25 from the cash register.

Love Me, Love My Boa. In Carlsbad, N. Mex., District Judge C. Roy Anderson recessed the divorce case of Charles and Dale Wright when the couple could not agree on the value of their common stock: two cobras, two boa constrictors, one anaconda, two eagles, one hawk, four Gila monsters, one owl, five donkeys, two chimpanzees, two African lions, two mountain lions, two lynxes, three raccoons, one coyote, one porcupine, one skunk, one South African rattlesnake, and an unspecified number of Southwestern rattlesnakes.

Fresh Start. In Menard, Ill., state prison guards found John Prather Jr., anticipating a parole after serving three years for forgery, busily forging checks and letters of reference.

Professional Handicap. In Asbury Park, N.J., when Wesley T. Moon, boating editor for the *Press*, failed to show up for work, his editor heard that he was suffering from seasickness.

Revolution. In St. Joseph, Mo., a month after the remodeling of the county courthouse ladies' room, a delegation of women workers gathered to protest that the room's one-way window glass had been installed so that "we can't see out, but everyone can see in."

The Scientific Approach. In Point Mugu, Calif., Chemist John Tabor stepped outside his laboratory door, spotted a 4-ft. rattlesnake poised to strike, reached for a carbon dioxide fire extinguisher, sprayed the snake into a frozen state, then carried it inside and killed it.

Reckoning. In Brighton, England, a magistrate's court ordered John Ayling, 71, to pay off a \$602 debt in weekly 8¢ installments.



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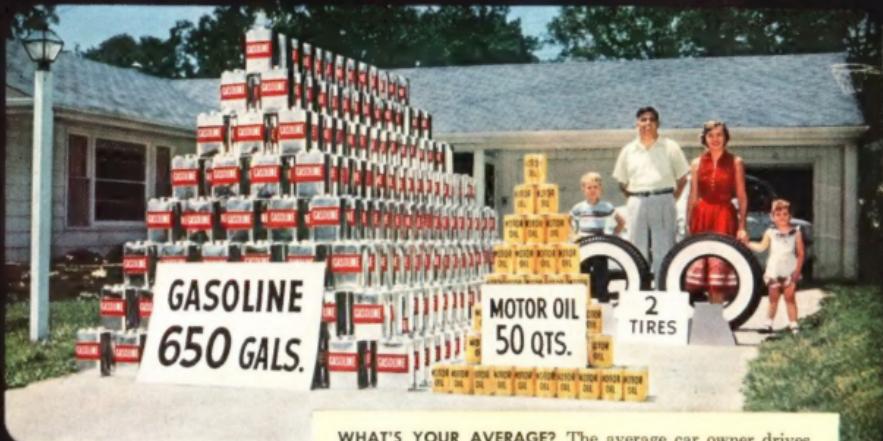
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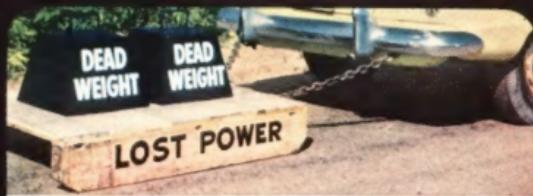
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